THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume II | New York, Wednesday, September 2, 1925 | Number 17

CONTENTS

Life and Leadership 377
Week by Week 379
Bread and the Circus 383
The Belgian Debt 383
Coal and Coöperation 384
In Regno Christi .....Henry C. Watts 385
The Writing on the Wall, II.....Frederick Joseph Kinsman 387
Walther von der Vogelweide....Arthur F. J. Remy 390
The Dying Poet (*verse*) ....Helene Mullins 392
The Imperfect Club Meeting..Helen Walker 393
Discovering Platitudes ....R. A. McGowan 394
The Play .....R. Dana Skinner 396
Poems .....Madelon Stubbs, Mary Dixon Thayer, Loretta Roche, John Hanlon, Virginia McCormick, Morton Zabel..... 397
Communications 398
The Cancer Organism..Bertram C. A. Windle 400
Books .....Brother Leo, Dorothy Thomas 400
The Quiet Corner 403

LIFE AND LEADERSHIP

IT should have been perfectly obvious—though apparently it was not—from what was said in these columns two weeks ago, that The Commonweal has no desire to undertake the direction of spiritual directors. We wish, therefore, to make it plain that our respect for hard-working priests who encourage frequent Communion among young men, and who apply the saving discipline of faith to the growth of human personality, is quite complete and utterly sincere. With 2,000 years of history to look back upon, all of us are very certain that the first mission of Catholic culture is intimate religious care. Theologians have not as yet unraveled the social teaching of the Gospels; but mankind has tried, unto the healing of many generations, sacraments and petitions, and the rule of the Savior's cross. Surely the essential values are sufficiently axiomatic. And so it is rather startling to realize that anybody could have suspected us of making the Confiteor an appendage to the Constitution.

But the heart of the matter is unaffected by such discussion. What members of the hierarchy, thoughtful students, and experienced public leaders have continually said we repeat firmly—it is not sufficient, in this day and age, that the individual take cognizance of himself alone. The life of the race is becoming, more and more, a tangle of social concerns. Industrial conditions have gradually created a common culture which suffers no isolation of body or spirit. We are dependent upon mass organization for our shoes and suppers; we are forced to derive the building materials of the soul from the generally accepted quarries. What unsettles the world in our time is, fundamentally, its diet of ideas; what can remedy and fortify it is simply an improvement of that diet. We ourselves are convinced that the amelioration can come only out of the great gardens of the Catholic mind—the satisfying abundance of that which is called Christendom. Profit cannot be derived, however, out of a mere, sterile past. Today—these hours when a new world is rousing—must produce its own leadership and life.

Now how much has the American Catholic done to influence the trend of his age? The answer comes in a kind of melancholy chorus—so much less than he might! Churches have been built; schools established; the foundations of a healthy and beneficent parish life laid. But though all these things are a source of just pride, they must not be allowed to blind us to the peculiar generic necessities of the time which are social, even as the Church itself is social. We ought not, for instance, to be indifferent towards the problem of international peace, which a succession of Sovereign Pontiffs has set before the faithful as a sacred

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

goal—to fail to realize, as the London Month puts it—"that hundreds of thousands of earnest men in the old world, alive to the continued presence in their midst of the causes of war, are casting about for means to remove them." And yet, at least until recently, we have been guilty of an apathy which Father Ryan scored vigorously and notably in the Salesianum, as well as more recently at the Oxford Conference, and which The Commonweal has done its best to break. There are other matters of almost equal importance. We cannot afford to sever Christian principle from the practice of industrial business; we ought not to assume that we can share in the direction of the American mind unless we are ready to foster intellectual leadership; and our talk of Catholic art is sorry stuff while we leave the general tenor of the country's aesthetic experience unaffected, excepting by cheap approximations to the rue Saint Sulpice—or even plaster Gothic.

Never has there been greater need for some American Ozanam or Count de Mun, who shall gather his fellows round him for a mission of social peace. Does not the success of these men, growing as it did out of a chaotic era and in a land that had been alienated from religion, suggest what might be done here if the virtue of charity were to become less wholly a "private affair?" And one reads with something less of awe than of hope, how Anton Bruckner, groping through the disillusioned life of his time, found the way to a reconstitution of sacred music, and made the symphony speak of Divinity to the moderate heart. For, in all truth, the Catholic tradition has been alive and transcendently active on this continent—in the days when martyrs stumbled and died for civilization, in the best sense, of the forests; when a benignant rule did not despise the savages of the West; and when we dreamed, with Father Isaac Haecker, of winning a nation for the arms of Christ. Has all this died forever? We do not like to think so, and yet the final answer must depend upon our ability to grapple with the social needs and impulses of the era. Young men and women will be trained vainly in the shadow of ideals, if, after all, we send them into a world which we accept on its own terms and in the conduct of which we have no share. Poverty and opposition have not, and cannot, shackle us; the danger is that our complacency may keep us in perennial bondage.

The idea of a commission to study the causes of Catholic apathy has, as was explained two weeks ago in these columns, grown out of a consideration of higher education. It will therefore be interested in finding out why the colleges have failed to provide the kind of leadership which would have made the Catholic body publicly important. We do not know what the findings will be. Possibly the roots of our trouble are too complex and profound for immediate discovery and cure. But the facts in the case remain—we have no John Dewey, no Elihu Root, no Ralph Adams Cram, no H. L. Mencken, no Edwin Arlington Robinson—and we have not seemed particularly to care about having them. It was the normal business of Catholic higher education to develop such a group; whatever the reasons may be, the business has failed. For all practical purposes, the hortatory appeal of Newman to the students of Dublin is as necessary and as unheeded today as it was fifty years ago. Perhaps we may fittingly set down here the words in which Bishop Spalding once proposed an ideal for educated living—

"Here, at our hands, lies the task God sets us. It is the development of our inner life, the enriching of our minds, the purification of our hearts, the education of ourselves through liberty and labor, the reform of our politics; the rooting out of cant, lying, vulgarity, greed, and dishonesty—of drunkenness and lust—the correcting of our extravagant estimate of the value of what is merely matter of life's accompaniments as distinguished from life itself—which is thought and love, strength and courage, patience and forbearance. The people who are the bearers of the largest thought, the deepest love, live and work forever in the race, while merchants and traders perish and are forgotten, like the wares they deal in."

It is surely in proportion to our ability never to falter from such a program that we shall carry the beneficence of the Catholic tradition to the aid of America and the world. But we cannot merely drone it off like a formula, or flaunt it like an appropriate holiday banner. The words must adjust themselves to the very rhythm of our hearts, as we set ourselves to the cleansing and beautifying of the common life.

No doubt the great Bishop realized—as we all do—that when everything possible has been said and done, the world will still be, largely, a lost Paradise. There is always a certain salutary hopelessness in our social hopes. But the effort to work on, to struggle forward, is not merely an aesthete's pleasure or a gourmet's pride, but the proof of the discipline that makes us men and the rule by which we become rulers. In the virtue of charity there is the strength by which we grow in unison—which is also about the only way we grow individually. The Apostle might have supported his statement on the subject with arguments derived from common sense.

There are those who feel that all talk about social activity is quite like band-music—suited to occasions and gatherings, but not the normal stuff of life. Well, it has been on the lips of Francis, Dominic, Ignatius and Augustine; just as much as it has been the revolutionary concern of Marx, Jaurès and Lenin. Whether we wish it or not, the great debate which those names signify rushes to an outcome by which our children shall be made or marred. The "deluge" that can so comfortably be projected into the future may swirl, not only over the machinery and wealth of civilization, but also terribly and abysmally over souls.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE COMMONWEAL

Published weekly and copyrighted 1925, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, 25 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor

Assistant Editors

THOMAS WALSH HELEN WALKER

JOHN F. MCCORMICK, Business Manager

Editorial Council

HENRY JONES FORD JAMES J. WALSH
CARLTON J. H. HAYES HENRY LONGAN STUART
BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE T. LAWRASON RIGGS
R. DANA SKINNER

Subscription Rates: Yearly: $10.00 Single Copies: $0.20

WEEK BY WEEK

THE battle for the Senate intrigues both Wisconsin citizens and Wisconsin candidates. In an effort to tear the mantle of Robert La Follette into shreds, and dispose anew of the political destinies of the West, a Republican caucus was held to contest the nomination of the great senator's son. Oratory waxed furious; conservative maxims were flung abroad recklessly; and when the cigars had withered, it was found that Mr. Wilcox had been selected to "purge the state of radicalism." Unfortunately, that is a difficult thing to do. It is even a strenuous task to cleanse the G. O. P. itself of a fondness for the emancipatory past. Enter into the race, therefore, of his own accord Mr. McGovern, whose period of service as governor entitles him to more respect than he might otherwise have, and who entertains a fondness for the memory of "Bob."

ACCORDINGLY the voting public—for in Wisconsin senators are chosen by popular vote—is faced with the job of distinguishing between various shades and tints of Progressive conviction. All of which is important because it signifies how utterly rudderless the political situation in the Northwest was left by the death of La Follette. We should regret any marked abandonment by Wisconsin of the forward-looking policy which was so characteristic of it as a commonwealth. Where it touched upon national issues, this policy was occasionally unsteady and wrong, but it helped to make the state government a model for its neighbors. By sheer force of example it elevated the tone of district administration throughout the United States. Wisconsin has meant something definite and salutary in the conduct of politics. If the present candidates are not carefully scrutinized, there is a chance that Wisconsin will cease to mean anything.

IT is rather interesting to take note of the temperate expectations aroused in England by Caillaux's visit on debt-funding business, and to compare them with the confident expectations that used to be aroused in days when it was considered only necessary for the old allies to "get together" for some mutually satisfactory scheme to evolve itself. The conviction seems to be penetrating the head of even the professional optimist that conferences, when all that is brought to them are irreconcilable views and a sense of grievance on both sides, are largely sparring for wind. It is rather surprising how little attention the big journals in London and England generally give to any consideration of the psychology that has been produced in the French mind, official and unofficial, by the absolutely unprecedented circumstances under which the war was fought and finished.

THE impression latent in the average French mind is that the war was Britain's to the full as much as France's—that by fighting it on France's frontiers, she secured an inestimable advantage, and one which, seeing the development of air and submarine offensive might very possibly never occur again. Nor is this all. The British government's preference for seeing it end without any counter-invasion, or the holding of a nation to ransom through the same armed means used by Germany in 1871, is seen in that same French mind as largely due to the fact that Britain's aim in eliminating her rival for a long term of years had been secured, and that new political combinations, always possible in the future, rendered it inadvisable to press the conquered enemy too hard.

THIS view may be entirely wrong-headed—it may be but a variation of the old "perfide Albion" cry, and it certainly fails to take due heed of the help so heroically given, the heavy sacrifices in life and limb, cheerfully borne by the island empire, or the load of taxation its people have assumed. But that it exists is undeniable. The French mind, unlike the British, is a consciously historical one. It has not forgotten the Napoleonic era, and one may be quite sure it does not omit to draw the parallel that exists between Pitt's scheme of fighting France through the northern powers, and Sir William Grey's opportunity to crush the German menace through republican France. The total amount of the subsidies that poured into the laps of German, Russian and Austrian princes, between 1750 and 1815 will probably never be known. But taking the comparative value of money today and early in the nineteenth century, it must have been a staggering sum, and if any demand for its return was made, history keeps no record of it. Neither was the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

devastation endured by the nations which bore the brunt of Napoleon's ambitions, at all comparable to that which fell on the bulwark provinces of France. A sense of grievance and inequitable treatment is a poor contribution to bring to any conference. The psalmist has told us that "in bitterness there is no wisdom." But there is still less wisdom in refusing to take account of it, and in failing to recognize a plea in abatement that is none the less actual because it may not be officially uttered.

THE resignation of Dr. Josef Wirth, former Chancellor of the German republic, from the ranks of the Centre party, is the most serious indication that has yet come to light of disturbances within the great Catholic organization. It was not, however, totally unexpected. Dr. Wirth, like several other very notable Centrists, is deeply interested in agrarian and labor reforms. He feels that the rights of German workingmen must be respected, not only because such an action will guarantee the stability of the country, but also because Catholic social principle is definite and uncompromising on the subject. Under present circumstances the conservative policy of the Right parties dominant in the Reichstag, renders it next to impossible to pass legislation favorable to the unprivileged. But while this may be considered the immediate cause of Dr. Wirth's withdrawal, the fundamental reason for Centre party troubles is much deeper and broader. A discerning writer in Hochland points out the anomalous position that the Catholic group has been forced into since the close of the war. Under the imperial system, a tripartite arrangement was not bizarre because the power of the crown remained a final arbiter of whatever the parliamentary bodies decided upon.

NOW, however (as would be the case in any modern republic) the Catholic Centrum is a kind of badly pummeled buffer between conservatives and radicals. Small wonder that it should be torn in places and badly mauled in others! Hope for the party would seem to lie in the formation of what it has never possessed before—a definite political and social platform based upon the traditions of Catholic Germany. It is not difficult to see what those traditions have been. The great leaders—Görres, Ketteler, Mallinckrodt—were committed to what is termed "Volkstum." They wished, without conceding that modern liberal assumptions are correct, to build a government that would have social solidarity for its chief practical purpose. Dr. Wirth has been one of the first and ablest to call attention to the necessity for reawakening the German Catholic political consciousness. His career will be followed with interest, because he has proved himself, during long and difficult years, singularly able, righteous and disinterested.

THE offer of President Kane, of the "Robert T. Kane Productions," to endow a chair of scenario writing at one of the more prominent universities at $5,000.00 a year, or, if rumor does not lie, at about the weekly salary and takings of some of the more authentic stars, need not be taken too seriously. Like the appointment of Mr. Will Hays as movie czar, it has all the air of being one of those gestures made from time to time by an enterprise which has come to be the second or third in the country in point of capital invested, towards the critics of the new art. Mr. Kane has some hard things to say with reference to the adaptations of novels which producers, in close combination with ambitious publishers, have given to the screen. "The parasitic scheme of attempting to reduce novels and stage plays to the screen play, will not do." But it is quite evident that what he has in mind in proposing a break-away to original work, is not a movement of the continuity writers to meet literary and artistic standards, hitherto discarded to such an extent that the novel or play reaches movie patrons in a form that their very authors would fail to recognize, but a rigid imposition of its standards from the very start.

IT needs only a moment's reflection to perceive that what would really be secured by a chain of scenario chairs at seats of learning, would be more and more standardization, and less and less prospect of any connection between the new arts and the old ones persisting, even in its attenuated form. A decade ago, there was much talk of the "possibilities of the movies." The attention of patrons of what was still an innovation was directed to boundless horizons, to a prospect of dramatic presentation of the world's classics, which, as some compensation for the silent gesture, would bring its own contribution of "close-ups," "fade-aways," "visions," and "cut-ins." In advertising phrase, it was to be "drama plus." Mr. Kane's scheme is a pretty frank indication that this phase of effort is over and that the technician is in control. The experience of occasional scholars and period experts, who from time to time have been tempted to Hollywood by the offer of large, if temporary, salaries, has not been encouraging. The keen business minds that have taken charge of the situation are by now pretty well assured of what the public wants—or rather, since the mere movie habit has become an international trait, of what it will stand and pay money to see; and all Mr. Kane's plan of education in its conventions is likely to secure is a still slimmer chance of unfettered talent breaking through them. His further statement that "we in this industry are paying genius prices to mediocrity," rings much more like the knell of "easy money" than a tocsin call to "better movies."

MEANTIME, it is a pleasure to read a comment by Mr. Thomas Meighan, president of the Catholic Movie Guild, upon the all too-familiar press accounts

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of "Hollywood orgies," as given to a correspondent of the London Universe. Mr. Meighan, who was on his way to Ireland to take part in a film when caught by the interviewer, takes a common-sense view of the matter and his words sound convincing. "Acting," he declares, "is difficult, tedious work, and the additional strain imposed by the orgies one reads about would be too much to bear." The bad odor in which Hollywood has fallen is seen by the Catholic actor as largely the result of a tendency in the press to exploit public relish for its screen favorites, male and female, by too readily describing every culprit in an unsavory case as a "movie star," no matter how tenuous his or her connection with the screen may be. An enterprise as fitful in its takings-on and layings-off was bound to attract a large proportion of the unstable and undesirable. But there is a good deal of difference between facing this fact and endowing the thousands engaged in making pictures with a double dose of original sin.

AN heroic and hard-working Australian priest, Father P. A. Vaughan, has just died at Wiesbaden, Germany—the belated victim to an act of gallantry performed by him some years ago while on a mission in the province of Victoria. Father Vaughan, who at the time of his death was secretary to Archbishop Mannix, left Melbourne with the Australian pilgrimage to Rome last April, and was striken with illness in London. An operation performed in Germany was apparently successful, when heart trouble supervened, and he passed away on August 8. The brave act which undermined the noble priest's health was widely reported in the Australian and English press at the time. Plunging into a flooded river to rescue a companion who had been carried away by the torrent, Father Vaughan, who was a strong swimmer, struggled for hours against the current, supporting the rescued man with one hand while with another he fought his way to one submerged tree trunk after another, until both were in safety.

FATHER VAUGHAN was a prominent worker for education in the newest of all the continents, and his loss will be severely felt. Not the least of his achievements was a campaign for the erection of Newman College, the Catholic centre at the University of Melbourne, begun by Archbishop Carr and finished by Archbishop Mannix. He lived to hear the college described by the Oxford debating team as the best equipped they had seen on their tour of the world. Father Vaughan figured in another occurrence which caused widespread comment at the time, and which was one of the less fortunate incidents of the war. In company with his archbishop, who was on his way to England and Ireland in 1920, he was removed from the liner, Baltic, by a British destroyer, and landed at Penzance instead of Liverpool. The dead priest is thus described by a friend in the London Universe —"A truer Australian, or a more lovable personality, could not be imagined."

THE success of the Tulane expedition to the hitherto little explored regions of Mexico and Central America, once more calls attention to the remarkable age of American civilization. Maya culture, extending not merely to the arts like pottery, but also to intricate engineering feats and knowledge of practical science, is testified to by newly gathered collections that rival anything found hitherto in archaeological remains. The tomb of "King X," with its elaborate sculpture and its evidences of funereal ritual, is likely to become as renowned as the resting-place of the now notorious Egyptian monarch, King Tut. But each new discovery merely reëmphasizes the brutality and religious ruthlessness of these ancient Americans. Perhaps their barbaric code is the reason why they perished so swiftly and so utterly. On the other hand, German students and explorers in South America feel that they are coming upon dependable vestiges of pre-Spanish Christianity. Prescott had already paid some attention to similar strange traces; but the newer science virtually discredited the methods and theories of Prescott. Perhaps the whole history of ancient America yet remains to be discovered and written. It will be interesting, and not least of all because it continues to show that man, no matter how far removed from or anterior to European civilization, was engrossed in the practice of the arts and concerned with an immaterial destiny.

FEW men in American journalism have been so successful as Victor Fremont Lawson, whose death is mourned far beyond the limits of his city of Chicago. At a time when western newspapers paid much more attention to political squabbles than to accurate news-getting and public service, Mr. Lawson began to make the Daily News an evening journal of perfect independence and more than usual integrity. It became the favorite home reading of Chicagoites—the paper that was trusted, respected, and followed. Upon many an occasion it attacked conditions in municipal and state government with a vigor that influenced elections. Young men learned how to write English in the rickety old offices which were rather typical of Mr. Lawson in that they were wholly devoid of pose and advertising bent; but though the young men were not always conservative, the Daily News was. A kind of old-fashioned American candor and simplicity governed the paper, which only seldom condescended to be sensational and which issued its endless pages of advertising with a judicious care none of its rivals could emulate. And so Victor Fremont Lawson is signally worthy of remembrance because he not merely respected the ethics of his profession, but proved those ethics profitable. His share in the upbuilding of the Associated Press—a great share—was bound up with a firm desire to make this coöperative news agency cautious and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dependable. It may have set up its own standard of what constitutes good news, but it has kept a firm eye on actualities and details. Therefore America cannot be anything but grateful to Mr. Lawson for his long and varied service; and his simple grave will continue to be a notable place.

THE sensational venture of Mr. Browning and his "Cinderella Mary" was probably hurried to its dénouement by the cheap perfume sprayed over the millionaire's adoption of his temporary child by those newspapers which specialize in pictures and putrid probing. Yet it is also true that the lonely man selected not a little girl, but a woman—and suffered the consequences. All of us will hope that the drab publicity given the business will not have the effect of discouraging those whose homes are empty from adopting an orphan or a homeless child. Happiness has come to so many people through opening their domestic doors to some strange waif, that it would really be a service in the interests of national well-being to collect data showing how often the instinct of motherhood or fatherhood has been satisfied by the orphanage or the foundling home. We think it would become clear that despite one case—or even a hundred cases—to the contrary, environment is the strongest factor in the development of a human being; and that if a waif is given the proper sort of physical, mental and religious training, he will usually prove an honorable asset to those who have taken him to their hearts. Childhood is a trust, a great and life-giving trust, to those who seek the radiance of its innocence. And charity, like honesty, is a splendid insurance policy.

THAT must have been a rosy picture of dry America with which Bishop James Cannon of Washington, D. C., regaled his hearers at the Universal Christian Conference at Stockholm, Sweden, recently. So eloquent, indeed, did the Bishop grow as he described the felicities of aridity for his fellows from moister lands—by so many minutes did he exceed the space allotted each speaker, that his hearers, either unable to bear the vision of an ideal they had failed to reach for a moment longer, or just plain tired, took the unusual and unchristian course of begging their visitor to conclude his remarks and rest his case. At its proper time and in its proper place, we are pretty sure to have the full text of Dr. Cannon's discourse, including the portion that his fellow Christians at Stockholm were not worthy to hear. From the extract cabled by the Associated Press it is evident that for the doctor, no mirage at all of light wines and beer glimmers above the sands of Volstead. "The great majority of Christian citizens," he repeated, "will never submit to a new legacy of alcohol trade."

THE views which fellow conferees at Stockholm got a chance to hear when Dr. Cannon (by request) had resumed his seat. make somewhat of a contrast, and a sharp schism would seem to impend. Lord Salvesen, a distinguished Scotch jurist, and president of the Scottish Public House Reform League, drew a distinction between regulation and prohibition at which one can imagine his listener from America shaking his head. For the latter course he could see "no footing in the people's mind or in justice." Nor is it likely that the cold statistics furnished by the Reverend Henry Carter (of England) had any better luck, though they showed that, contrary to general impression, consumption of alcohol in England has been reduced 41 and drunkenness 59 percent by the sane exercise of a control that war exigencies left in the energetic hands of the British government.

WHAT distinguishes your true-blue dry advocate from commoner men is his immunity to any figures or forms of argument save such as buttress his case. His achievement in 1919 was a spectacular victory for forces of bigotry and tyranny of which the people at large, distracted by the entry of their country into war and world politics, hardly suspected the power or even the existence. But, having won their campaign, the retention of its fruits has become more than a point of honor with what Mr. Mencken calls the Baptist-Methodist bloc. Its protection now absorbs the energy and challenges the pride of many thousands of masterful and ambitious men, too long condemned to a rôle that kept them out of the public consciousness for six days in the seven. The conquered ground is doubly precious, first as an earnest of re-acquired influence in the state, then as a sally-point from which new and further-reaching encroachments upon the human will are to be directed in no far future. The ark in which our Bible commentators of the newer and drier school have deposited their "cake of raisins" and flasks of grape-juice will soon have new and surprising contents. Meantime it is guarded by hooded dragons and watched by a Cyclopean eye.

WHEN referring in a previous issue to the death of Professor Carroll Mitchell, we took occasion to refer to the excellence of the articles and the illustrations in Art and Archaeology, the organ of the Archaeological Society of Washington, of which Professor Mitchell was editor for many years. That journal, under its new editorship, maintains the high standard which has always existed, and we refer to it again because the issue for August contains an article on San Juan Capistrano Mission in California, which will be found of great interest to Catholics—whether they are acquainted with that spot or not. The sympathetic tone of the article by William T. Clerk may be judged from his statement regarding the foundation of the Franciscan missions in California, that "no similar achievement was ever recorded in the history of the world. Nor has there ever been another such tragedy as the wilful spoliation of both missions and Indians in their secularization and subsequent ruin."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BREAD AND THE CIRCUS

ONE of the most beautiful buildings in New York —indeed one of the most beautiful modern buildings in the world—is the Public Library, which for some twenty years has stood upon the site of the old Croton reservoir at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street. Classic architecture, a stately flight of marble steps, couchant lions, statuary groups surmounted with noble texts, all combine to make it one of the worthiest shrines that any great city has built for the reception of the printed word. It is impossible for the New Yorker to enter its portals, behind which most of the world's wit and wisdom is to be sought—it is hard for him even to pass it on his daily journeys up and down town—without a sense of uplift taking possession of the jaded spirit—without a consciousness that he is, after all, a citizen of no mean city.

As a matter of fact the city that boasts Carrère's vision in stone is a very mean one indeed; at all events when it comes to putting its hand in its pocket for the maintenance of the library or the men and women who devote their days to its service. Recent facts and figures issued by a committee of the staff who are launching a campaign for a more adequate grant, are calculated to make the New Yorker blush—more especially when they are compared with similar assessments in the newer cities of the Middle-West. The metropolis which admits that it is the headquarters of whatever culture and "civilization" rotarianism and rule-of-thumb pragmatism is sparing us—the city from whose ramparts Mr. Mencken watches the advancing tide of "agronomes" with the fearful pride of a citizen of Antonine Rome—the centre which stamps "Broadway" on its dramatic successes as a guarantee of worth before launching them across the continent, actually spends on the upkeep of its library system one-seventh per head of the sum allotted by Cleveland, Ohio, and one-quarter as much as Chicago, Illinois.

Not only is New York, in its treatment of library and librarians, falling behind more public-spirited cities, but it is actually failing to keep pace with its own growth. There is no need to make a prolonged examination of the figures which the Staff Association of the New York Public Library, composed of a thousand employees, has issued, with the aim of securing more generous treatment, especially as they have not substantially been denied. They only need to be mentioned for their cumulative effect to be realized. The mere stock of books is decreasing at the rate of 11,000 volumes a year, and thousands of books still on the shelves are too soiled and worn to be fit for circulation. Branch libraries possess a single copy of such books as The Life and Letters of Walter Hines Page, Bryce's American Commonwealth, and Papini's Life of Christ, with a waiting list of thirty to fifty waiting upon their return. The chapter on salaries makes still more painful reading. Trained librarians, men and women, are repaid for services which require an alert brain and constant mental strain by a pittance which would drive a garment worker to revolt, and rouse satiric laughter if suggested to a plasterer or printer. Many supplement their earnings by working at something else "out of hours;" about one-fifth give up the struggle annually as a bad job and transfer their talents and training to more generous masters than the New York aediles have the heart or inclination to be. And the Letter Carriers' Association of New York (all honor to their public-spirited action) are as yet the most prominent advocates that the men and women who serve the poor man's university have found to speak a word for them in the ranks of union labor.

It is impossible to believe that at least approximate justice will not be done in the near future to a cause so temperately stated as this appeal for an adequate appropriation made to a city which is never niggardly when its imagination and pride have been touched. That it will ever be more than approximate is a good deal to hope. In all ages of civilization, what are sometimes called the vocational employments, have too generally been the starved ones. Wisdom is always the poor relation of common sense; and those who serve her, serve a mistress whose wages are scant and whose commons are short. To man their ranks it is only too evident that the civic authorities in New York have been depending upon a spirit of sacrifice that they have no right to take as a matter of course —or, at all events, to reward with less than a decent living wage.

The tendency to "cut down" on the sums allotted to the things of the spirit, sadly evident all over Europe since the great war, has been so often the theme of regretful notice in America that it would be little less than shameful to see it reproduced in a country which has not the economic excuse of the impoverished nations across the Atlantic. Libraries, art galleries, museums, and culture generally are part of a big overhead that civilization, for its own good name, must be content to carry without looking for any balance-sheet or show of profit. It is not too much to say that the gratitude and generosity with which it is met is no bad index of the state of civilization a community has attained.

THE BELGIAN DEBT

THE Debt Commission has paved an important stretch in the road towards international harmony. Doubtless the Belgians would have relished even better terms; but the cancellation of a substantial part of the interest, a moratorium, and an ample time area are concessions quite unidentified with a financial offday. Taking everything into consideration, M. Theunis ought to recover much of his popularity in Brussels, where since his demission the government has been an odd hodge-podge of parties unable to gain the upper hand. The little country has been sorely tried by de-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

flation of currency, weak trade, and the advance of living costs. While the funding of its obligations to America will mean an added burden, the task should bring with it increased economic confidence and a sounder foreign policy. In so far as the United States is concerned, we have little doubt that Congress will ratify the agreement. What if it does involve recognizing a "moral obligation" which President Wilson assumed of his own accord? Even the most fiery of the irreconcilables must see that, apart from the fact that all the old arguments against the collection of the debts are at least very strong reasons for granting lenient terms, the Belgian settlement compromises with no principle and virtually insures success at a low premium rate.

Of course Belgium merely prepares the way for the much more interesting and important case of France. The coming of M. Caillaux and his aides will bring to the front an absorbing question—"How much can France pay?" If we assume that she agrees to meet her obligations to England in a measure at all commensurate with British demands, it seems inevitable that she will have to get some noticeable leniency from the American Debt Commission. We may expect, therefore, that M. Caillaux's effort will be directed towards binding up payments to this country with collections under the Dawes Plan. In fact, if he wishes to gain the support of the Chamber and keep taxation within practical limits, it is difficult to see how he can do anything else. What Germany does to fund the cost of the great conflict is, more obviously than ever, the stone upon which all European financing rests. Should Berlin collapse, a debt collector would have about as good a chance of collecting on the continent as Oliver had of getting a second helping. But Americans may be sure that the present Debt Commission realizes this and much besides—its settlement with Belgium is a precedent, at least in so far as it assures us that the negotiations are likely to be considerate, reasoned and far-sighted.

Because the European situation is what it is, and because modern national stability is so largely a matter of currency value and trade balance, unusual interest attaches to what was said about world finance at the Williamstown Institute of Politics by Dr. A. S. Johnson. "It is time for America to recognize economic internationalism as a fact," he declared, "and to join formally or informally with the other nations in working out political institutions under which international economic interests may be secure." The Dawes Plan is such an institution in practice. Whether or not we are drifting towards this variety of financial manipulation is one question; whether we ought to prepare for it is another. But it is not at all unlikely that the world's experience with the tremendous sums loaned and borrowed for the conduct of the great war will eventually teach us many new things concerning the international government of money.

COAL AND COÖPERATION

WHILE a strike in the anthracite regions is almost a dead certainty and a shut-down in the bituminous fields is probable, the American citizen who looks forward to banking his winter fires may well shake his head in perplexity. There is little to choose between the contending parties. The miners want a raise and recognition of their union; the operators wish to realize a fair profit on holdings which are not very lucrative even in times of peace. Present difficulties unfortunately cannot be termed abnormal; they are merely fresh quakes in an area where tremors are more frequent than in any other industry. Two ways out have been suggested, neither of which is at all acceptable. Non-union mines cannot, and should not, be operated on a grand scale, regardless of what may be Mr. Mellon's immediate success in the neighborhood of Pittsburgh. And the Borah bill, which aims to establish government regulation of interstate and foreign commerce in anthracite, is open to many serious objections, although some real value may lie in its provisions for publicity concerning coal.

A different way out is suggested by the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. "It would be of benefit to the companies, the men, and the consumers," says the department, "if the operators and unions agreed to the Baltimore and Ohio plan of coöperative management by executives and men, and coöperative division of the money saved." Undoubtedly this plan has been notably successful within the limits marked out for it in the conduct of the great railroad, and has received more attention from thoughtful economists than from the general public.

All of us see that nobody will benefit from the strike. The department believes that everybody would profit by an adoption of the Baltimore and Ohio plan. "The operators would gain. They would have close coöperation from the men. They could expect a better spirit in the industry. They would share in the savings from efficiency. In return, they could well afford to give the union the check-off because of its responsibility in the better management of coal. The men would rise above the status of wage hands to the dignity of semi-partnership. They would have a new responsibility. Their income would be higher by reason of their share in the money saved. In return, they could well give up for the present their wage demand. The consumers would benefit by steadier production, and the effect of this upon prices."

Unfortunately, neither the public nor the parties concerned have meditated sufficiently upon the plan suggested to make its acceptance likely at the present moment. The hour of crisis teaches us that the future must bring with it a steady and enlightened effort to introduce the principle of coöperation into an industry whose jolts unsettle business and private living.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN REGNO CHRISTI

By HENRY C. WATTS

OXFORD has long been known as the home of lost causes, as though to be lost were synonymous with being dead. But neither a lost nor a dead cause could have drawn representatives of twenty-eight countries to the summer somnolence of Oxford, as they have been drawn these last days to discuss a cause that is not lost nor dead—the Peace of Christ in the Kingdom of Christ.

Oxford dreams its own dreams during the Long Vacation. Circling about outside, the municipality goes on with its own busy life; but in the heart of Oxford the university city sleeps. The colleges are closed, only caretakers and occasional tourists disturb the quietness of their halls and cloisters; professors and undergraduates are scattered on holiday; the streets are almost deserted; and there is an air of repose about these ancient buildings, some of whose halls have echoed to the voices of Grosseteste, of Roger Bacon, of William of Wykeham, Saint Edmund Rich, Saint Richard of Chichester, and many another great master of the schools.

From some of these ancient colleges went out the most renowned statesmen ecclesiastics of the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries, layers of the foundations of the law of the nations. To Oxford came that great humanist, Aeneas Sylvius Piccolomini, who ruled Christendom as Pius II. Here, in a later day, came also Achille Ratti, who, as Pope Pius XI, has called the peoples to enter into the kingdom of justice—Pax Christi in Regno Christi. It is not without reason, then, that Catholics from twenty-eight countries should have come to Oxford to discuss Catholic principles concerning race and nationality.

Under the inclusive title of the Oxford Catholic Conference, there have just closed, after a duration of eight days, three distinct assemblies which, speaking broadly, may be described as having met at the invitation of the British Catholic Council for International Relations. These three assemblies were the sixth annual summer school of the Catholic Social Guild; the fifth annual conference of the International Catholic League, an organization founded at Graz, in Austria; and a special conference for delegates of central committees for Catholic action, called jointly by the Catholic International League, the International Office of Catholic Organizations of Rome, and the Catholic Union of International Studies of Fribourg, in Switzerland.

Except for certain special meetings, the assemblies of the Catholic Social Guild were held in common with those of the International Catholic League, thus merging in one united conference. The conferences of the Catholic action delegates, which met to consider international coördination of Catholic action, were held separately, though they were an essential part of the conference as a whole.

The president of the conference was the Archbishop of Liverpool, who, at one of the early special meetings of the Catholic Social Guild, was elected as its president. His Grace foreshadowed the tone for the greater conference that was to follow when, as president of the Catholic Social Guild, he affirmed the principle that, as Catholics, they could have nothing whatever to do with party politics.

As patron of the conference, the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster extended a welcome to the delegates, at a reception held in the hall of Wadham College, generously placed at the disposal of the conference by the college authorities. The authorities of the Church, of the university, as well as of the city of Oxford, were associated with Cardinal Bourne in welcoming the delegates. Latin, French, German, Lettish, and Serbian were among the languages that were heard from the platform at this reception. In greeting these foreign visitors to England and Oxford, Cardinal Bourne laid stress on the fact that such a conference as that which was assembling must be one of the most potent means of restoring the courtesies of civilization, which had been so terribly shattered in the war. It was also, His Eminence said, a valuable medium for promoting mutual esteem.

There were several incidents, quite small and trivial in themselves, during the conference, that were a happy augury of increasing mutual esteem. Our official exenemies have been here before this, though it has been mostly under the auspices of sloppy sentimentalism and pugnacious pacifism. But there was nothing sloppy or pugnacious in seeing Englishmen and Frenchmen and Germans kneeling together at Mass or listening to a sermon in French or German. Mass was said daily during the conference, in Ruskin College, which, in term-time, is the Labor party's college for training its coming men in advanced Socialist doctrines. There was, so far as one could see, nothing artificial or forced in the atmosphere, such as obtrudes very plainly at the international pacifist reunions that have been held in London. Race, so it appeared, seemed to count for very little at Oxford; what really mattered was that these representatives of so many peoples were, in actual fact, members of one great family. It was not so much that race and nationality were minimized as that membership in one family appeared to be the only thing that counted.

Five sessions were devoted to the discussion and exposition of Catholic principles concerning race and nationality. The sequence of topics was graduated

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with perfect precision, beginning with the question—What is nationality? The field covered was the defining and surveying from the historical viewpoint the principle of nationality, followed by a consideration of nationality as recognized by modern treaties.

Dr. Ryan, professor of philosophy in the Catholic University at Washington, read the main paper on the subject. Looking at the question from the standpoint of an American Catholic, Dr. Ryan said that no conception of nationalism which contravened or contradicted the truths of Christianity could be acceptable. At the basis of all true nationalism stood, as its secure and lasting foundation, the truth of the solidarity of the human race and the dependence of every creature upon every other creature. As Christians, it was for them to love the nation which embodied their individual and collective aspirations, their cultural history, their common language, and, very frequently, a religion which all held in common. The good of the nation was a lawful end, but an end that must be defined and regulated by taking consideration of a higher principle to which it was subordinate—the law of justice. Like the individual, the state was bound by the great fundamentals which underlay all human rights and human responsibility. The doctrine of Hegel that the state was supreme; that it was an organic being which possessed rights other than those of the individuals who composed it; and that, in the pursuit of these so-called rights, it had unlimited power and could, with impunity, negative any personal rights which conflicted with its own supreme purpose, was palpably false. In the modern world, there should be no place for such an unchristian ideal of the state.

Dr. Mack, superior of the Luxembourg Seminary, took the platform at the second session, when, in considering the nation and humanity, he read an able paper on the principle of nationality in relation to the rights of the individual and of society as a whole according to Christian doctrine. A fatal heresy had been preached, said Dr. Mack, that politics had nothing to do with religion, and that the interests of the state and of humanity were separated from, and not subject to, the control of the Christian conscience. As a consequence of this heresy, the public mind had been invaded by the modern paganism called materialism. The struggle of classes, of capitalism and the workers, even the struggle of races, had all sprung from this same tainted source—the attempt to separate God from the life of modern society. Like the law of private morality, the law of national morality was subject to the same Divine Will. And, therefore, Catholics can never admit any distinction between the conscience of the individual and the collective conscience of a nation. It needed but to glance at the methods of Communism to be convinced of the powerlessness of such a movement to bring pacification to a tortured world.

Self-determination was the topic at the third session, when there were considered the principle of nationality as a claim to political sovereignty, and colonization in the light of Christian principles. Professor O'Sullivan, of the National University of Ireland, ably maintained his thesis. One of his points of view was that in most discussions of relationship between nationhood and statehood, the question of practical utility was given too little consideration; while, on the other hand, perhaps overmuch attention was given to the doctrinaire aspect of the matter. Unless the principle is to be maintained that in no case may one nation justifiably be subject to another nation, there was a danger of a doctrinaire application of the principle of self-determination militating against the peace and welfare of the world as a whole. It was necessary to guard against the tendency to make ethical axioms of what were, after all, working empirical principles, brought forth in circumscribed environment, and perhaps only really and fully suitable for that environment. Professor O'Sullivan's belief in the doctrinaire application of the principle of self-determination being a possible menace to the peace of the world, is a point of view that has been maintained in more than one pastoral since the war by Cardinal Bourne.

The closing sessions of the conference dealt with the nation and the state, and the nation and the use of force. Herr Doka of Zurich, in the first of these propositions, exposed at length in what the principle of nationality consists, of the place it holds in a state of which the peoples are made up of several races. He surveyed the rights and duties of racial minorities in the light of Christian principles. Practically, though not actually, the subject amounted to a consideration of the Balkan problem, as well as of some of the perplexed racial problems of Central Europe, where the principle of self-determination has been applied in a none too judicious manner, and with little or no understanding of the rights of racial and religious minorities. The famous French Jesuit, Père de la Brière, contributed to this discussion.

In the final session, Professor Le Fur of Rennes tackled the complex problem of the nation and the use of force. Under this covering title was discussed the relations between the principle of nationality, already treated of by Dr. Ryan at the opening session, and the moral teaching of the Catholic Church touching on war and rebellion. With the relationship established, the further principle was discussed of the intervention by any other state or states for the purpose of assisting or repressing any given nationalist movement. Mr. F. W. Sherwood, who occupies a high position in the English judiciary as Recorder of Worcester, brought his knowledge of the law to bear on this topic.

In England, at all events, the results of the International Catholic Conference at Oxford are not expected on the surface to be spectacular. To a large extent they must, in the first place, be confined almost entirely to the Catholic community. But below the surface there is everything to promise that the con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ference will eventuate in profound and substantial moral effects. One achievement, from the English point of view, has been the fact that it has been possible to get so many Catholics, representing so many countries, together. The Catholic Council for International Relations is debarred by its constitution from taking up any political activity or from interfering in existing institutions. Its work is to study, and all the evidence points to a considerable encouragement of hard and practical thinking along the lines that have been merely indicated at Oxford.

In a sense, the Oxford conference has not been a Catholic conference at all. That is to say, any sincere Christian believer, whether an adherent of the Catholic Church or not, could have subscribed whole-heartedly to the moral principles laid down at the various sessions. The Catholic representatives from twenty-eight countries were not induced or invited to band themselves together in an international political union. Politics, as regards the politics of parties, was ruthlessly shut out from the conference; at the same time those Christian and Catholic moral principles that are at the root of all national policies were exposed in the clearest light.

From twenty-eight different countries, Catholics have met and have exchanged thoughts and ideas. After Oxford, it will be difficult for them to work in ignorance of each other's aims—to carry on behind a wall of national insularity and isolation. And this is looked upon as one of the important results expected of the Oxford meeting.

In wider matters, there is the hope of greater unity in world problems. The Archbishop of Liverpool gave expression to this when, early in the conference, he spoke of the enormous influence that could be exerted throughout the world were the 40,000,000 English-speaking Catholics to pull together.

To put the work of the conference in a phrase, what it has done has been to give a powerful stimulus to the formation of a Catholic mind. Not altogether in the domain of faith and practice, which is for Catholics alone, but in the much wider sphere of national and political morality whose field of action, in the last resort, is the ballot box. Oxford has therefore given Christians a moral code.

And it is just here where the special value of the subsidiary conference of delegates for Catholic action shows itself. The larger conference was to make Christian principles concerning the mutual rights and duties of nations in their dealings with one another more widely known according to Catholic tradition in general, and especially to the pronouncements of the Supreme Pontiff and of his predecessors in modern times. That has been done with unmistakable clarity. The delegates' conference was to concern itself with the international coördination of Catholic action. Oxford has done its work, and it seems that the only thing left is for Catholics to act.

THE WRITING ON THE WALL

By FREDERICK JOSEPH KINSMAN

(*This is the second of two articles by Dr. Kinsman, the first of which appeared in The Commonweal of August 26.—The Editors.*)

MUCH publicity has been given to the activities of Bishop Manning and his efforts to deal with manifestations of modernism in the Episcopal church. They have been doubly criticized; by those who think he has not done enough, and by those who think he should have done nothing at all.

Bishop Manning deserves neither form of censure. He has done nothing which was not required by official duty; he has done all that could be done in his circumstances, and done it tactfully. When forced to admonish, he has been courteous, not captious; reluctant to criticize, though not irresolute; never going out of his way to pick flaws, though assuming in others the will to obey prayer-book and canons which he exhibits himself. So far as the criticisms are just, they apply not to the Bishop personally, but to the system he is set to administer.

The Episcopal church affirms the Nicene Christology: and its bishops are under vow to "banish erroneous and strange doctrines." Bishop Manning, always loyal to the Catholic doctrine of God, has a truly Nicene sense of the dangers of Arianism. Yet he finds himself surrounded by many who rejoice in the erroneous and strange, and by many more who object to processes of banishing. The Bishop may expound Nicene theology, if he chooses; but he must not interfere with any who chooses to expound something different. Creeds and canons may be cherished as individual views, but not imposed: ancient terminology must always be nullifiable by modern interpretations. The Bishop, attempting to deal with defiant clergy, has found himself hampered by canonical technicalities and confronted by a compelling sentiment against heresy-trials. None who have flouted doctrinal standards and authority have been displaced or silenced; they have only received a much-desired advertisement. The Anglican system must only be applied so far as is consistent with unfettered private judgment. Bishop Manning has more sturdy loyalty than most—but he has found himself identified with what is largely a dead letter.

Saint Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie defies all precedents of decorum and goes in for vaudeville. The Bishop re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fuses to visit the church; but as he does not dance and as Confirmation as a "turn" is tame, the Boweryites go their rhythmic way rejoicing. They have been given rope with which to hang themselves, but merely use it for self-exaltation in the public eye. Episcopal intervention, save for purposes of publicity, has no place in a system of virtual congregationalism. Bishop Manning strives in vain to stem the tide; he is forced to swim with it, conniving at much he disapproves, and even at times giving it countenance.

There have been difficulties and even doctrinal disputes in connection with the drive for funds for the new cathedral. This might serve the interests of the true faith. Money-raising, which covers a multitude of heresies, ought also to cover a modicum of orthodoxies. If Manning proves a money-getter, the Virgin Birth may seem "essential" after all to those who wish religion certified by the dollar sign. Fastidiousness as to the special tenets of contributors to a building fund would be like looking a gift-horse in the mouth—yet money talks, and when it talks religion, there are complications. If Baptist and Presbyterian contributors wish Baptist and Presbyterian trustees, why not? If contributing Jews choose to wear their hats in the cathedral, why not? Bishop Manning has noble ideals of possible uses of the great church for all sorts of people; and he would always wish it used in the interests of definite Christianity. He is one who regards the true faith as sole guarantee of true freedom, and would see necessities of "drawing the line somewhere." Yet how, under existing conditions in the non-Catholic world, can he prevent his "house of prayer for all people" from becoming a house of talk for all teachers—or even a house of fads for all fanatics? It is, after all, only one of the various pan-Protestant experiments at conglommeration of the intellectually and ethically vague. How practically can it differ from its Baptist neighbor, welcoming all "irrespective of dogma," except that in the sphere of undogmatism a modern Arius can accomplish more than a modern Athanasius? Is it not reasonable for the pastor of the Community Church to view it askance as a rival, possibly infringing his own patents?

Bishop Brown, who holds "Christianism to be but one version of the solar myth," and has been condemned by the Episcopal church for so doing, wrote to Bishop Manning—

> It is my hope, as I believe it is yours, not to insist upon the acceptance of one cut-and-dried set of opinions, but so to awaken the religious life of the people that all sorts of diverging opinions may exist side by side in an atmosphere of spiritual unity. You and I, in the public mind, may seem to be at loggerheads. But you and I know better . . . My religion has never been questioned; merely my theology (that is, my rationalization of religion) was brought to trial. It is only in our conclusions—which, of course, can never be conclusive—that there is any essential difference between two such bishops as Brown and Manning. Fundamentally we are one. Together we are looking for the highest, the most abundant life. You are presumably most orthodox, while I, by judicial decree, am an extreme heretic; but this does not destroy our fundamental religious unity . . . We understand that—but the public does not. In our separate ways we have been trying to make it plain: I in my little preachments for the toleration of all religious dogmas, and you in your magnificent efforts toward the realization of a "house of worship for all people" . . . It is quite true that I have been adjudged guilty of heresy; and it is quite possible that you concur in the judgment and intend to vote for my expulsion from the Christian ministry. But such considerations, it seems to me, are quite irrevelant. Religion, we are both agreed, is deeper than intellectual belief; and the known divergence in our point of view, in case you were to invite me to speak in the cathedral, would emphasize the truth I believe, better than it could be emphasized by anything either of us could say.

From the Catholic point of view, this is delicious nonsense, but it presents a serious practical problem for those who make similar presuppositions.

Dr. Holmes, who invited Bishop Brown to his church, frankly repudiates the historic church and well expresses the non-Catholic ideal in his "vision" of the church of the future.

> I see a church free and independent; free of tradition, independent of conformity . . . which will take no sectarian name, recognize no sectarian allegiance, achieve no sectarian work; which has rid itself of all denominational obligations and given itself wholly to the community . . .

Bishop Manning believes in One Catholic and Apostolic Church; but when closely analyzed, does not his own "vision" fall into the same category with that of Dr. Holmes? In a sermon preached in a Presbyterian Church he declared—

> I believe the time has come for a new synthesis of the deep religious values represented by all Christian communions, both Catholic and Protestant. I believe that deeper study of these values will show that they are not as antagonistic as they appear on the surface, but that in a great degree they are complementary to each other. We need a synthesis of the truth for which Saint Patrick's Cathedral, the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, the Russian Cathedral of Saint Nicholas, and the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine stand. What we need today is a new manifestation of the spirit of brotherhood which will draw us into fellowship, not only with our fellow-Christians of all names, but with men of all races and faiths, realizing that we are all children of one Father and all created in His image and likeness.

This is a noble expression of the High Anglican aspiration to serve as medium of unity for all Christendom. Back of it is the assumption of three "branches," and also recognition of the good wood in severed twigs. Nothing is more characteristic of Bishop Manning than the reiterated disclaimer of any "surrender of Christian truth." Yet the demand for "a new synthesis," "a Christianity larger, nobler and truer than any we have yet attained," natural enough

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in one who has never held the church-principle, is in itself a surrender on the part of one who holds that Our Lord instituted One Church which has never ceased to exist. It simply repeats the Reformation cry—"The Church is corrupt; let us make a new one." Dr. Holmes goes further, saying in effect—"There never was any church; let us get along without one." But when interpreted in working terms, the Community Church and Bishop Manning's cathedral propose to go about things much in the same way. Shirt sleeves and lawn sleeves have shouldered the same burden—undenominationalism—and both have abandoned the conception of Christianity as a definite faith and life embodied in the Catholic Church.

The Cathedral of Saint John the Divine will undoubtedly provide renderings of the offices of the Episcopal prayer-book as beautiful, dignified and moving as can be found anywhere in the world. These offices, with their great blocks of Catholic devotion from missal and breviary expressed in majestic English, are very edifying to those who do not know the Catholic realities for which they are substitutes. Anglican clergy and musicians are masters of devotional art. The New York services will doubtless exhibit the highest degree of artistic perfection, proving object-lessons to Episcopalians everywhere, doing missionary work in conversion to canons of good taste. From time to time there will be "unsectarian" exercises of a patriotic and philanthropic character, but vaguely religious, fighting shy of downright Christianity. The policy for preaching will probably combine evasiveness with alternation of contradictions—colorless canons interspersed with special preachers representing opposite extremes. Bishop Manning will wish everything to move in a Catholic direction, having the sympathy of many individuals, of a party, of sporadic congregations. But the Episcopal church as a whole is not back of him. The prevailing temper and tendency, time and tide, the real indications of non-Catholic principle, move the other way. Those who build on sand cannot depend on spontaneous formation of concrete.

Moreover, much talk of a cathedral must stimulate thought as to what a "cathedral" is; the correlative of Catholic bishop, the church in which the bishop elects to set up his "chair." The bishop makes a cathedral of any place whatsoever, basilica or catacomb, from which he chooses to exercise his pastoral authority—the man making the place; not the place, the man. A cathedral is such by Catholic function, not by mere imitation of Catholic architecture—a centre of Catholic doctrine and discipline, the home of a spiritual father—not mere background for dignitaries. Similarly, "altar" is the correlative of Sacrifice of the Mass—many altars implying many Masses and the persistent piety of many priests. There are many curious distortions of ecclesiastical terms, one of the strangest being involved in "an American Westminster Abbey." "Abbey" and "minster" imply monks—Westminster the Benedictines. The great Benedictine church in London ceased, strictly speaking, to be an abbey when Henry VIII suppressed the monasteries; yet because both during its Catholic life and during its Protestant occupation it was used as a place of burial, there are those who think that "an American Westminster Abbey" will be constituted simply by collecting corpses!

It is fair to ask how far the great church of Saint John the Divine will, or can, ever be used as a real cathedral. Bishop Manning would wish it to be; but what will he be able to accomplish, and what about his successors? When will there be duplication of such successive throngs as crowd the hourly Masses in a hundred Catholic churches in New York? And, more important, what are the realities of Mass, priesthood and espiscopate which a cathedral implies?

There is handwriting on the wall. May not the interpretation thereof be something like this? The authority of Divine revelation is expressed in Catholicism; the anarchy of private judgment emerges in agnosticism. The "Reformation" is a toboggan-chute leading from the one to the other. Those who have started down the incline cannot stop or stand up—least of all, move up-hill—and must inevitably land at the bottom.

Agnosticism is the necessary attitude for those who know religion only as a conflict of interpretation. "I don't know; you don't know; nobody knows." There is nothing ignoble in this attitude, which has been that of many great and good men who have shown a sturdy charity with instincts of faith and hope when grounds for these were lacking.

> There lives more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half the creeds.

On a basis of judgment which affords no foundation for a dogmatic superstructure, this is reverence and common sense. The old-fashioned preachers, each postulating personal infallibility, are unjustified; the modern sort, evasive but comfortably courteous, are much better. There need be no splits, for there is nothing to split about. With no grounds for aught but scepticism and pessimism, if we keep bare vestiges of faith, hope and charity, we do well. Many reverent agnostics do this; all honor to them.

The postulate of Divine revelation and of the Church as interpreter of that revelation, changes all that. We are not in the world without God and without hope. We have now what Christians had when our Lord was on earth; and acting on this postulate, Catholicism naturally centres everything about the sacraments.

One of the most significant changes effected by Protestantism was the supercession of the Mass by the sermon. This conformed to the assumption that Christianity was embodied, not in the Church but in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Bible—of which the sermon was exposition. Many efforts have been made to redress the balance; but it is still true that the chief idea many have of worship is listening to talk. Old-fashioned Bible sermons have ceased to draw, but "snappy speakers" are in demand. "Church" is a form of Sunday entertainment.

The sixteenth century saw a great apostasy from the Mass—the twentieth a similar apostasy from the sermon. For centuries Protestants assembled to "hear sermons"—indeed they were fined if they didn't. Their descendants are more intermittent.

Anyone who gets out on Christmas, Easter and "Mother's Day" is counted an "habitual church-goer"; and if, on the special occasions, the auditorium is once filled to "seating-capacity," it is assumed that all is as well as can be. Possibly it is. It is different with Catholics. They observe fifty-two "everybody-go-to-church" Sundays each year with half a dozen other days of obligation thrown in for good measure. City churches are crowded from four to eight times every Sunday morning with a correspondingly good showing in smaller places. Many go to Mass every day. Critics may allege that benighted Papists, being priest-ridden, simply pay their dimes at the door to avoid fires of the Inquisition; but this hypothesis does not explain the facts. For Catholics now, as of old, the Mass is the centre of their life. They assist regularly, and frequently receive Holy Communion in obedience to an ecclesiastical precept, believed to perpetuate a Divine command. Although lacking artistic accessories common in Protestant churches, the Mass draws the Catholic millions in a way with which nothing competes. Here is a phenomenon in the religious life of the nation calling for thoughtful scrutiny. And what is true in the United States is similarly true throughout the world. Roman Catholicism gives the one great example of unity in Christian faith and Christian worship.

Non-Catholics often belong to one class of society in one nation, all on friendly terms though disagreeing radically on many religious principles. Catholics, on other hand, comprise all classes of all races and nations, agree absolutely in religion, though exhibiting all manner of differences in other things. Some prefer unity in social status and manners to unity in faith and worship, age-long and world-wide; but the two things must be clearly distinguished. A unity of social amenities goes far to explain the bland ignoring of chasms of cleavage. "You are presumably most orthodox, I am extreme heretic; but we are fundamentally one." If theology be mere private speculation, it should not divide men of good will. If, however, it rests on Divine revelation, it involves submission of the human intellect and will to God through Christ. Absolute license for individual views is often made substitute for this—but it is no equivalent.

WALTHER VON DER VOGELWEIDE

By ARTHUR F. J. REMY

THE RECENT announcement of Professor Delbrueck that the world's greatest poet is Walther von der Vogelweide, made quite a stir in this prosy world of ours, and many a reader has no doubt tried to refresh his memory on the subject of this poet. He may know that a minnesinger of this name lived in the middle-ages, and he may call to mind the legend which tells us how the minstrel left a legacy to feed the birds on his tomb—which legacy was then diverted by an unsentimental abbot to the use of himself and his monks. Longfellow has made the story familiar to English readers. It is a charming one, but it gives a very one-sided idea of Walther, who was by no means a mere "bard of love," warbling tunes in bird-like fashion, but a most virile and undaunted fighter in all the struggles of the turbulent thirteenth century. To be the greatest lyrist of such an era might seem to be glory enough; to be its greatest epic poet as well would be little short of a miracle. If Walther is really the author of the Nibelungenlied, as Professor Delbrueck claims, he may well be assigned the very first place among the world's poets; but until this claim is substantiated by critical scholarship, which seems unlikely, his fame will rest on his minnesongs, and sprüche or poetic sayings. These alone constitute a literary legacy which deserves to be better known in the English-speaking world than it is today.

To obtain a proper appreciation of mediaeval poetry, is at best a difficult task for a modern reader—especially, when, as in the case of the lyric, so much depends on form. A minnesong loses much of its witchery in a modern German version; in an English translation it becomes usually hopelessly prosaic. Walther's appeal is particularly through his consummate artistry, and this is the very thing that is sacrificed in translation. Moreover, it must be remembered that the musical element was an essential factor in producing an effect upon the audience; in fact it is as a musician that Walther wins the well known tribute of praise from his contemporary and fellow-poet, Gottfried, the illustrious author of Tristan and Iseult. It is hardly surprising that the greatest of mediaeval lyric poets is not better known, and that the announcement of Professor Delbrueck should have startled the literary world.

If Walther had been no more than a minnesinger he would have small claim on the attention of the modern public. The ordinary courtly love poem,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whether French or German, is a very conventional affair, in the production of which the brain had a greater share than the heart. It was an art for a class; its spirit was narrow, its phraseology stereotyped, its form artificial. The situations depicted are vague and seldom have reality. The lover is always patient and submissive, and the lady is generally cruel. Moreover, she is married to some one else, and all this wooing turns to art for art's sake. There are troubadours whose work possesses individuality and interest—we need but recall Pierre Vidal and Bertran de Born—but this is due not so much to their love songs, as to their political verses.

Walther's range covers both the love-lyric as well as the sprüch or saying, which includes the political poem—and in both fields he is equally the master. In the minnesong he soon breaks through the narrow bounds of courtly convention, and makes this poetic form the expression of a sincere and genuine love. By fusing the art of the troubadour with the directness and simplicity of the folk-song, he becomes the precursor of the lyric art of Goethe and of Heine. Even when his theme is the conventional praise of a noble lady, it is treated with a charm and a vividness totally unknown to the average minnesong. What joy, the poet asks, can equal that of a perfect day in May when the flowers peep from the grass as if they were laughing at the bright sun, and the little birds are singing their sweetest strain? The answer is ready. When a lovely, noble woman, well robed and well adorned, goes walking in modest dignity in the midst of other women, then all the glories of May will go unheeded. Roguishly the poet pretends for a moment to waver in order to make his decision with all the more emphasis—

"Alas, if one should bid me choose that I must leave the one for the other, how right quickly my choice would be made! Sir May, for all I care, you may be March before my lady I would lose."

Here there is color, movement, and animation, and the pretended question at the end gives the whole a dramatic touch. If there be courtly conventions here, they are no fetter to the poet's genius; but he will not abide by these conventions, and addresses a real love song to a maiden of low degree—

"Those were never touched by love who only love for wealth and beauty. Alas, how can they love?"

So the poet answers those critics who reproach him for tuning his song so low. And to the maiden he declares—

"Thou art beautiful and hast enough; whate'er they say, I love thee and would hold thy glass ring above the gold of a queen." In such poems we find the language of the heart and their appeal is to all time.

But the poet's interest was not confined to courtly love. He lived in a turbulent age, when the long drawn-out struggle between papal and imperial power was approaching its climax. Rival candidates contended for the imperial dignity, and were alternately supported and opposed by the Pope. The German people suffered all the horrors of civil war, and as successive rulers fell under the ban of the Church, confusion reigned in the religious realm and consciences were sorely troubled. The poet flung himself passionately into the strife and, though he changed sides repeatedly, supporting in succession Philip, Otto, and Frederick, he was at all times an opponent of the papal policy. His fulminating invectives against the Pope and the clergy have been likened to our modern editorials in the press, and the comparison is very apt. They were no doubt inspired by patriotic motives—but patriotic fervor is often apt to cloud the judgment.

Walther certainly does scant justice to the Pope's position; the Italian aspect of the controversy he does not consider at all. The character of Pope Innocent III is woefully misrepresented when he calls him false and deceitful. Still more unjust is the insinuation that the motive in ordering the collection for a crusade in 1212 was avarice. The famous lines in which Walther gives expression to this suspicion are some of the most powerful ever penned by a political pamphleteer in their appeal to national passion. The Pope is represented chuckling gleefully as he exclaims to his foreign cardinals—

"I have brought two Almans (the foreign term for Germans) under one crown that they may disturb and waste the realm. I have urged them to my stoc (the contribution box); their goods shall all be mine; their German silver makes its way into my foreign shrine. Ye priests, just eat your fowl and drink your wine, and let the silly Germans fast."

Here we get a glimpse of the strong antipathy between German and Italian, already existing in the thirteenth century, and destined to bear such bitter fruit 300 years later.

What tremendous effect such lines had at the time may be seen from a passage in the work of a contemporary poet, Thomasin of Zirclaria, who blames Walther for having led thousands astray so that they flouted the Pope's command. It is easy to understand why these lines have often been cited by Protestant historians as proof of the iniquity of Rome. But, like much of the poet's work, they are too manifestly the expression of partisan bias to pass uncritically for historic evidence. As one of the most eminent of German scholars, Konrad Burdach, admits in this case—"Prudence and moderation were then not on the side of Walther."

The poet's anti-papal diatribes have also been adduced as proof of his reforming tendencies, and on the strength of them he has been called a precursor of Luther. The militant Protestant theologians of the sixteenth century who ransacked the older German literature for their Catalogue of Witnesses of the Truth, and who managed to put in Otfried—the pious

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

old monk of Weissenburg, who versified the story of the Gospels in the ninth century—would surely have included Walther had they but known him. But there is no justification whatsoever for this.

Like other mediaeval poets, Walther assails papal policies and personages, but never the Papacy itself. Nowhere does he show the least disposition to question the authority of the Church or its dogmas. The dogma of the Virgin Birth was particularly dear to him, as is evident from the frequent allusion to it; and his devotion to the Mother of God finds fervent expression in more than one passage—particularly in the famous *leich* or ode, which begins with an invocation to the Trinity, and arranges the whole Catholic creed practically in the form of a prayer.

Above all, the poet's piety is manifest in his crusading songs, in which he urges princes and knights to do battle for the Lord and to win back His Holy Land. In a special song composed for the crusade of 1228, he gives vent to his joy at the sight of the Holy Places. Did he participate in this crusade? We do not know for certain. But we do know that this was one of his last poems; shortly after this he must have composed his swan-song—that noble and pathetic elegy in which he laments the joys of his vanished youth, and exhorts the knights to expiate their sins by taking the cross in the service of God. Its closing words express the very essence of the crusading spirit at its noblest—

"Would to God I were worthy of the victory! I, poor man, would merit rich again. I do not mean the lands or the gold of lords. I myself would want to wear the crown eternally; this crown the soldier might win with his spear. Could I but undertake the blessed journey over sea, then I would sing for joy and never more cry woe."

The religious spirit of the poet, always strong, deepens as the shadows of life lengthen; his last song breathes a spirit of melancholy resignation; its last words shape themselves into prayer.

Even in his lifetime, Walther's preëminence in his art was freely acknowledged. We have referred to the testimony of Gottfried von Strassburg, who in a well known passage of his Tristan raises the question as to who is to lead the chorus of nightingales after Reinmar's death, and unhesitatingly assigns this leadership to the meisterinne von der Vogelweide. Soon after the poet's death, legend took possession of his figure; before the end of the thirteenth century, the unknown poet of the Wartburg Minstrel Contest introduces Walther as one of the participants in that mythical event. He continued to live in the traditions of the mastersingers, who claimed him as one of the founders of their craft. Then came the centuries when all things mediaeval were forgotten, and Walther shared the general oblivion. But since the re-discovery of the middle-ages, the poet's fame among his countrymen has steadily grown. Heine called him the greatest of German lyrists. Wagner in his Meistersinger gives to his romantic hero the poet's name Walther, and makes him proclaim himself the pupil of the old German master, whose heaven-inspired song triumphs over the pedantic rules of the poetic craftsmen.

In 1874, a monument was erected to the poet at Botzen, in the Tyrol—now Italianized as Bolzano. If this has not settled the moot question of his birthplace, it is at any rate solid evidence of the esteem in which he is held by his compatriots. This esteem would be more universal if adequate translations would make him better known; but such translations do not now exist, nor are they likely to be forthcoming. Modern German versions are still the best means for becoming acquainted with him. The marvels of his art will reveal themselves only to those who can read the middle-high German originals.

The Dying Poet

During this hour shadows touch his eyes,
For he has turned his back upon the sun.
Lo, now he dies, as any other dies
Who has not wandered far, as he has done,
Beyond the blood-marked roads of beasts and men,
Up to a pale field curved against the sky,
Writing of Beauty, with a golden pen,
Finding new shapes of love to deify.

Bare are his hands that once wore Beauty's rings,
Yet proud his pale kissed mouth, and sweet his hair
To which the fragrance of her touch still clings.
Weary of love, and all things frail and fair,
He lies, at last, upon an austere bed,
And tho' low voices praise his classic style,
And tho' soft fingers fall upon his head,
He does not care; he does not turn, nor smile.

'Tis safe to bring him now a budding flower,
Or lay a small soft bird upon his breast;
He shall no more slay hour after hour,
Seeking a word of magic to suggest,
Vaguely and faintly, his delight of such
Bewildering things, and not again shall be
Startled or stabbed by Beauty's sudden touch,
Nor serve her with his former gallantry.

What do you say to him, all you who come
In sombre garments? Oh, what do you say,
Since the sweet singing youth is stricken dumb,
And cannot shame you now as yesterday
He shamed you for your false and foolish words?
What could you say that he might understand,
Whose loved ones were the flowers and the birds,
Whose hands ne'er drooped beneath a human hand?

See, he is glad to die; he does not call
For music nor for wine nor anything;
From these veiled eyes no more bright glances fall,
From these still lips no rapturous murmuring.
Slowly he seeks the earth, as others seek
Grandeur and charm; and this shall be his gain;
Not Beauty's touch again to mark his cheek,
Nor Beauty's voice again to teach him pain.

HELENE MULLINS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE IMPERFECT CLUB MEETING

By HELEN WALKER

(*At the Meadowdale Ladies' Culture Club.*)

The President:—Ladies, the meeting is called to order. Before we proceed with the pogrom—I mean, program—of the afternoon, are there any matters to bring before the club?

Mrs. Hyacinth (*rising*):—There is a serious matter that I wish to bring before the club. Ladies, you all recall that at my suggestion, with appropriate ceremonies which were extremely touching to all of us, at least to me, we planted a few weeks ago, a slender pine tree. This we did in memory of our late and dear member, Mrs. Brush, whose recent untimely death caused us such grief. Before the meeting today, on going to the point in the club grounds where the tree was planted, to commune silently with our dear friend, I found to my horror that the tall, slender pine had been removed, and a small, hideous, little scrubby bush placed in its stead. May I call upon the chairman of the garden committee to explain this extraordinary circumstance?

The President:—Mrs. Nuage, are you present? Oh, yes—I thought I recognized your hat. Its roses were such a bright spot at last year's—I mean, last week's—meeting. Mrs. Nuage, can you tell us what has happened to the pine?

Mrs. Nuage (*rising, and somewhat embarrassed*):—Really, I can't say. I had not noticed that the hat—or rather, the pine—was gone.

Mrs. Hyacinth (*intensely*):—We should go to the root of the matter. It is outrageous that the beautiful, poetical thought behind our act—the commemorating in something living and green, of our dear, departed member—something that we should have with us always—a beautiful pine, whose very slenderness and willowyness symbolized our friend—should be destroyed by the substitution of a piece of scrubby shrubbery. A piece of snubbery—I mean, shrubbery, whose appearance is so alien to that of dear Mrs. Brush as she went (*her voice breaks*) gently to and fro among us. I call upon you, Mrs. Nuage, to explain the unhappy circumstance.

Mrs. Nuage:—I really did not know that the pine had disappeared. But I shall speak to Tony about it. No doubt he can explain.

Mrs. Hyacinth (*insistently*):—But we should know at once, so that we may make loving restitution to the memory of our friend. You do not wish to dishonor Mrs. Brush, do you, Mrs. Nuage?

The President (*trying to pour oil*):—If Tony is outside now, perhaps he might be brought in.

(*Mrs. Nuage flutters out and presently returns, followed by Tony, who shambles in, grinning and very much embarrassed.*)

The President (*in the manner in which she would address the afternoon lecturer*):—How do you do, Tony? We are all anxious to learn what has become of the pine tree we planted in the south corner of the garden last week—the Mrs. Brush pine, you remember. Would you be so kind as to tell us?

Tony:—Oh, thata leetle pine? He no good. He die.

Mrs. Hyacinth (*emotionally*):—Just like our dear friend—too delicate and spiritual to live in this harsh world. Ladies, the pine was more like our friend than we knew.

Tony:—Yes, not 'nuff pep in him. He die. So I pull him up.

Mrs. Hyacinth:—You pulled it up? What did you do with it?

Tony:—I give him to my leetle boy, Angelo.

Mrs. Hyacinth (*tensely*):—And what did he do with it, Tony?

Tony:—Who? Angelo? (*proudly*) Oh, he chop him up an' make ver' fine scooter out of him. Wheels an' everything. He go ver' fast. Whizz! (*He makes sweeping gesture.*)

Mrs. Hyacinth (*overcome*):—Madame President, it is unbelievable. It is—it is—almost sacrilege. That beautiful pine is now a scooter for Angelo—the pine which, so to speak, we watered with our tears.

Tony (*excitedly, but not understanding all*):—That just it! He have too much water. Not 'nuff sun. That why he die.

Mrs. Hyacinth (*going to Tony and leading him dramatically to the mantel-piece*):—Tony, do you see that photograph of the lovely, tall, slim lady? Tony, that is a picture of dear Mrs. Brush, in whose memory we planted the tree you have so ruthlessly destroyed—made into a scooter. Tony, don't you remember Mrs. Brush? She has left us, Tony.

Tony:—Sure, I remember Mrs. Brush; she have hot-air furnace. I sifta her ashes every day in winter.

Mrs. Hyacinth:—Tony, you can no longer sift her ashes. (*She breaks down.*)

Miss Chatterton (*aside to her neighbor*):—He can if he wants to. They're in a blue jar on her husband's bureau.

Tony (*sympathetically*):—Don't cry, Mrs. Hyacinth. I plant ver' fine shrub in place of Mrs. Brush. He ver' hardy. Will grow fine. Will spread like 'dis. (*stretching out his arms.*)

Mrs. Hyacinth (*tearfully*):—But Tony—that's just it. It should not spread. Mrs. Brush did not spread. She—she—(*She breaks into sobs.*)

The President:—There, there, Mrs. Hyacinth. (*Someone leads Mrs. Hyacinth to a chair and gives*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her a glass of water.) Ladies, will someone move that the shrub be replaced at once by a new, slender pine, which we shall, in turn, with appropriate ceremonies, dedicate to the memory of our late member? (*The motion is made and carried.*) Tony, you may go now.

Miss Chatterton (*whispering to her neighbor*):—Let's go out and see if Angelo will lend us the scooter. I'd love to try it.

The President:—Is there any more business to bring before the club? Very well. Then we can proceed with the program. We have today, ladies, a rare treat—may I say an intellectualized—I mean, an intellectual, treat? Mrs. Chase-Lyon, our traveling sales—I should say, our traveling chairman—that is, our chairman on travel, has been able to provide for us what I am sure will be a most stimulating lecture, by a most distinguished voyageur—of whom you have all read and heard so much—the notorious, or rather, the famous, Mr. Anton Polarpet. Mrs. Chase-Lyon, will you introduce the guest of honor?

Mrs. Chase-Lyon:—Ladies, I am sure you are familiar with the inspiring accounts published recently in the press of Mr. Polarpet's famous travels. He has, as you know, penetrated into dark regions of primeval country, which no white man has ever seen. That is, Mr. Polarpet of course is white—but he is the only one. He has traveled east of the moon and west of the sun, so to speak. I dare say there is no part of the world that he has not seen—that is, not much. He is, in fact, a sort of Baron Münchhausen—or no—he was the one who told stories, wasn't he?—I mean a sort of Casanova—no, no, a sort of—well, Columbus. Ladies, Mr. Polarpet.

(*Mr. Polarpet rises, a trifle pale, and delivers his lecture.*)

Mr. Polarpet (*at the conclusion of his lecture*):—If there are any questions, I shall be delighted to answer them to the best of my ability. (*A tense silence follows, and an uneasy stirring.*)

Mrs. Hyacinth (*bravely*):—You say these natives have a fine sense of color. What do they paint?

Mr. Polarpet:—Oh, their noses, arms, toes and legs.

Mrs. Acton:—You say they have a splendid sense of civic duty. Do you think that they would be at all interested in the Universal Peace Association of which I have the honor to be sergeant-at-arms?

Mr. Polarpet:—As their chief source of income is war, I should think not.

Mrs. Chase-Lyon:—I should like to ask a question. You say these savages have peculiar tastes, unlike ours. Er—what type of woman do they prefer?

Mr. Polarpet:—I should say that they are indifferent. They are not fastidious about complexion, and I really think it does not matter to them whether a woman is intellectual or frivolous. On reflection, however, I think the younger the women, the better. You see, they are cannibals.

(*The meeting adjourns.*)

DISCOVERING PLATITUDES

By R. A. McGOWAN

TO DISCOVER again an old book that one had forgotten, a picture once seen and admired, a vista that had enchanted, the flavor of a flower or a fruit that had lingered in the memory, or an old friend whom one had not seen in years, is a great moment. But discovering anew an old platitude, a bit of the eternal wisdom of mankind, is an experience all by itself.

I recently finished a tour of the American possessions and dependencies in the West Indies, from Cuba to St. Thomas. The journey taught me not one platitude, but two.

The first of these platitudes is that absentee ownership is something to be cursed. The second is that religion is so far from being merely a matter of praying that it ought to envelop one's whole life and the life of whole peoples. Let us label the two in the manner of the school-men. The first is the platitude of absenteeism. The second is the platitude of Sundayism.

Now there are two kinds of absenteeism. One is when the property owners are absent from their property and manage it and receive its usufruct through agents. This is divided again into two types, the absenteeism of foreign owners and the absenteeism of native owners, since it is one thing for the land and capital of a country to be owned by natives and residents of the country, however few they are, and it is another thing for it to be owned by foreigners.

Besides this physical absenteeism of the property owners, there is another kind of absenteeism which twists somewhat the usual meaning of the word. It is when those working on the property are absent from, away from, are outside of, and lack its ownership. The former absenteeism refers to the owners; this latter absenteeism refers to the masses of the workers and the absence among them of property ownership in the means of livelihood.

Let us take Island A as an example. It is for the most part agricultural. What manufacturing industry there is deals almost entirely with the conversion of the cane into crude sugar and some of the tobacco into forms for smoking. Shipping, trade, and banking, based on sugar, tobacco, coffee, and fruit complete the economic life.

Work is extremely seasonal because the only work

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that is available is on one-crop plantations that require practically no workers part of the year, a few for another part of the year, a great many during the planting time, and still more during harvest time. Under any system of ownership where this type of work prevails, most of the people will be idle a large part of the year. But where the masses of the people do not own what they work with under such a system, they are for a large part of the year enforcedly idle without pay.

In Island A, the masses of the people do not happen to own what they work with. When you see with your own eyes what enforced idleness, without pay, of so many people means, then you have discovered something. *It is a depressing experience but it is salutary.* There, this absenteeism of the masses of the people from ownership is aggravated by the absenteeism of the native landlords and the native owners of the sugar factories. It is bad enough to be a farmer and own no land of your own, or to be a factory laborer, subject to low wages and to periods when there is no work and no pay; but it is worse if your boss is simply an agent, commissioned to get profits for the absent owner. That the owner is your fellow-countryman makes little difference to you.

But in Island A, few of the islanders own sugar, fruit, tobacco or coffee. The reigning system is absentee ownership by foreigners and, for the most part, American foreigners. The point, however, is not the particular kind of foreigner who owns most of the agriculture and industry of Island A. The point here is foreign ownership itself. Absenteeism is raised to the third power. There is absenteeism of the workers from ownership, absenteeism of the few native owners from their possessions, and to cap the climax, that blackest form of absenteeism, foreign ownership.

The effects of all this are imaginable. One need not go into details. Strikes? O, yes, and the burning of cane fields and an occasional murder. Low wages? Yes, wretched wages. Unemployment? Of course. Bad housing? Worse than most persons in the United States have ever seen. "Open shop" drives? Certainly, and successful ones, too. Class politics? Yes, both kinds—the concealed class control of the foreign and local landlords and capitalists, and the class political battles in the open of the property-less workers.

As one passes from Island A to Island B and on to other islands, new lights on the platitude shine forth.

The other platitude one discovers is the platitude of Sundayism. It is briefly this—Religion is not only a matter of praying to God and the Saints; it is not only a matter of the sacraments and the sacramentals; it is not only a matter of keeping the Commandments in their plain and evident meaning; it is also a matter of making the love of God and the love of neighbor the rule of governments and the rule of a social system.

This platitude goes far afield. For if the love of God and our neighbor is to be the rule of governments and social systems, first, there must be the general will to make it the rule; second, there must be widespread knowledge of the main lines of what, under the circumstances, is required; and, third, there must be an organization, or organizations, to secure it.

I learned this platitude in islands A to E in the West Indies. In each one of these islands, a new angle presented itself. I seemed to see how much more good and how much greater happiness and how much sounder personal morality, and how much more spirituality might result if more attention were paid to finding out what is meant by the love of neighbor for the *love of God in governments and social systems, and* if more thought were given towards how to accomplish it.

Verifying this platitude is tricky in the West Indies. One discovers it suddenly and then one loses it again. It is the same with the platitude of absenteeism and the difficulty of breaking it up into its constituent parts. But the accumulation of evidence finally becomes too strong. One cannot resist it. The platitude is definitely discovered. The conclusion is finally reached that it is not enough for a person to be an ordinarily good Catholic for him to fulfil the duties of the virtue that Saint Paul called charity. As a matter of fact, that person may think that a government official is one who has an opportunity for private graft and that so long as a person is not an illegal liar and thief in relations of property, trade, banking, and labor, he is an honorable man and he may be a good Catholic.

Now the splendid thing about learning a platitude is that it is sufficiently general to be of universal application. It must be applied in different ways at different times and in different places. Learning a platitude is of course only the beginning, for it must be transferred from the academic appreciation of a truth to its realization in practice. At any rate, it is a pleasant sensation, my friends, to understand something more even about one platitude, not to speak of two platitudes.

After such an experience, one comes back to the United States hoping that the platitudes, in so far as they are not realized, will not be overlooked forever. One comes back hoping that the truth of the platitude of absenteeism and of Sundayism will be realized and, having been realized, be acted upon. One feels its importance so much that one looks forward to two future national holidays in commemoration of the discovery.

In conclusion, let me recommend an ambling journey through the West Indies. Not the least delightful part of the experience may be that, as you sail again home, you will see, as the land fades away, two huge platitudes swimming beside your boat. They are yours.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Spring Fever

THE comedy with this rather belated title has, in its first two acts, certain promising elements—an employer on the verge of nervous collapse because his golf game has deserted him, a shipping clerk who is also an amateur golf champion and the prospective rescuer of his employer's lost game, a girl equally in search of a coach, and sundry complications connected with introducing the shipping clerk as a guest at the fashionable country club. With the capable James Rennie sustaining the dignities of the shipping clerk, this early part of the play joggles along with fair humor and adequate speed. The suspense is not too trying because of the obvious and inevitable conclusion, but the mechanics of the plot are well established.

Then comes the dull thud of the third act. It would be interesting to know what perverse spirit has decreed that every A. H. Woods production must have a bedroom scene. If there is anything more yawn-provoking than to see a dramatist with a perfectly good plot throw the whole thing into the discard for the sake of an unnecessary bed, I have yet to discover it. As if there were anyone north of the equator who did not know what a bed looks like! In this particular case, the bed has about as much to do with the preceding plot as canteloupe with butter. They just do not mix. And the bedroom dialogue drags on interminably. There is not even the excuse of cleverness. I strongly suspect that the playwright started a plot that was too good for him to finish, and so put the whole piece to bed with a sigh of boredom. All real comedy ends with the rising curtain of this third act, and from then on everything is forced gloom. It would be much better to end the play with the second act and offer cash prizes for the best suggestion for a glittering conclusion.

The real moral of Spring Fever is that someone should find a worth-while play for James Rennie. There are few men with a better developed art of appearing at ease on the stage. His vocal quality is a bit monotonous, but I imagine that under proper direction he could brighten it up considerably. The rest of his equipment entitles him to a good part in a play destined to last much longer than the banalities of Spring Fever.

Palais Royal Farce

STARTING with the proposition that the Murders in the Rue Morgue is not exactly soothing reading for an impressionable child of ten, one is led to expand on the general idea of stories and plays written for one kind of an audience and served up to an entirely different group of people. In the last twelve months, we have had a seemingly endless supply of continental farces for Broadway consumption—some with, and some without, generous modification. My contention is that aside from a few well traveled theatregoers, the average American audience is in no way capable of taking this European pepper without an offensive sneeze.

Broadly speaking, we do not appreciate the satirical touch. What the French writer intends to be obvious ridicule, we are apt to swallow as merely blatant cynicism. There are certain situations which, through ancient conventions of the French theatre, are accepted as material for lively farce, but have not even so slender a sanction on the American stage. This means that whereas a Frenchman, seeing a certain play, would accept it with an amused shrug and promptly forget about it, your average American would gape at it in wide-eyed amazement as a new revelation of corrupt human nature, and continue to ponder over it unhealthily for some time to come. The Frenchman finds it as innocuous as the domestic troubles of Punch and Judy. He is, if you will, immunized by a long tradition. Not so the American, who takes his theatre much more literally, and reads into it a contact with real life which it was never supposed to establish.

Louis Verneuil's Palais Royal farce, now being staged under the name of Oh! Mama, is a good case in point. Structurally the plot is ingenious. It is something of a pentagon instead of the usual triangle. The burden of ridicule falls upon the roué husband. Everything is very artificial, very far from any conceivable situation in real life, and there is certainly none of the direct play to sense impressions that made such a play as Fata Morgana repugnant. Yet I feel quite certain that the whole effect of the play on the American stage will be to taint still further the public attitude toward marital relations.

Why blink the fact that it is five times as hard to build up moral resistance as it is to break it down? This is the core of the whole question. If you will agree with me that constant association with people who easily condone moral irregularities tends to weaken one's own moral resistance—through the unfortunate fact that public opinion controls more people than the motive of self-respect—then you can hardly deny that plays which make light of the same situations have a similar destructive effect. The counter argument of the French dramatist is that no one takes these farces seriously. This is true to a limited degree in France, for the reasons I have given above; but it is far from true in America. Behind all their laughter, Americans take everything seriously—with the ingenuousness of every young people. In our art and literature, and our theatre, we are still adolescent. We have not learned to shrug our shoulders and forget.

Distinctions of this sort promise to become even more important this season than last. There are going to be plays aplenty that will handle life with bare hands and outspoken words. And you will find many prudes ready to condemn any play that uses a harsh phrase or deals outspokenly with vice. Yet many of these plays will be very fine ones, rising to a considerable height of tragedy or dramatic power, and offensive only to those who think that morality consists in blinking at truth. It is not sincere plays of this type that will call for censure. But you will also find an increasing number of plays into which the continental spirit will be injected for no other reason than the box-office—sprightly comedies in most cases, where the glamor of a few well known names, and the sparkle of foreign authorship will be used to throw a halo around plain filth. Their effect will be to create a moral anaesthesia. Justified criticism of this type of play will probably be received with indignant howls by those managers who think they have discovered a bonanza.

The signs point to a season of exceptional interest—certainly to all those who love the fine and the powerful things of the theatre and who are willing to spend a little time dissecting the glamorous trash into its true values.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POEMS

Madness

My eyes!—God, they burn!
Has the dark descended?
Has the sun ceased to turn?
Has the universe ended?
I saw a planet,
Flaming and falling.
'Twas the flame that began it.
Fetters are galling,
But they keep one safe—
Were I not held so tightly,
I would leap into space.
There came a stab of fire,
Burning my heart—
My heart—that was broken,
And riven apart.
Ah, now I remember—
The flame was a token—
The star was your face.
Oh, how far it fell!
On past the bounds of space,
Into the pit of hell!

MADELON STUBBS.

Bird-Song

Do you see that bird in the sky?
It is my love for you!
My love is like a bird—
A bird with shining wings;
Like a bird in the dusk, it flies,
Like a bird in the dusk, it sings . . .
And under the moon it drifts,
And over the curving sea,
And my love blows with the wind
Through gates of mystery.

Ah, catch the shadow that falls
Along the meadow-grasses!
My love is a bird that calls—
My love a shadow that passes . . .

MARY DIXON THAYER.

Vain Seeking

I have been searching for words to put in a song,
  Words without ragged edges, tipped with a clear warm light,
Words with the color and softness of ruffled pansies,
  Scarlet with brown spots—purple and creamy white.

Once I thought I might find a word like a cameo,
  One that would swing on the end of a carven chain,
And once I had words that slipped in and out of a melody,
  Like children playing hide and seek in a lane.

I am searching even today, when I know so surely
  That this is a foolish thing for my hands to do—
You will not see or know what it is I am making,
  And never will care. But my searching is all for you.

LORETTA ROCHE.

Lyric

I have been young but I have not found living
  As light as minstrels sing
Like dandelions in the meadows, giving
  The countersign of spring.

For I have felt drab April days drag lonely
  Instead of lilting gay;
The flame of autumn hills has carried only
  A prophecy of gray.

It takes four eyes to realize that roses
  Endure eternally;
Four ears to hear, within October closes,
  The cricket symphony.

Yet, though the years limp on, the yearning lingers
  That fate will lead me where
Love may break through the blue with rosy fingers
  And make me see and hear.

JOHN HANLON.

Ministering Bees

Think you this topaz powder on the bee
Is accidental, frail or fugitive?
That his sole mission, bumping joyously,
Is for the sweetness that the flowers give?

Such noisy busybodies! See the horde
That riotously swarms, unsatisfied
Till each ambrosial storehouse is explored
And every blossom's treasury well pried.

Not frail nor fugitive this tawny dust
Twinkling on antlered head and brittle wings.
It is the vital element that must
Make fertile through predestined scatterings
My cucumbers. Wise Æsculapian bees,
Not merely honey drunken debauchees!

VIRGINIA MCCORMICK.

Leitmotif

Suddenly, every leaf conceals a swallow
That joins a choir which shatters the dusk's thin blue,
And one swift thought leaves other thoughts to follow
The still unbroken dominance of you.

Even after the indolent years are over,
And all the tentative loves have tried, in vain
To break the walls of forgetting, birds can uncover
My heart, and bring you walking with me again.

This is the stage of memory, unattended
By little griefs and quarrels; to you belong
The whispering dusks before our love had ended,
The breaking leaves, and swallows mad with song.

MORTON ZABEL.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMUNICATIONS

A LIVE RELIGION

La Salle, Ill.

TO the Editor:—Lest some reader, despite the explicitness of a distinguished Canadian archbishop's quoted statement, misinterpret the editorial comment of the Religious Survey printed in The Commonweal of August 19, I offer this amplification.

My point of view in this matter should be worth consideration because, as a student, I have never attended a Catholic school. My graduate and undergraduate work were done at the University of Chicago, which may justly claim to meet the needs suggested by the editorial in The Commonweal ("an awakening of the student's intellectual life—the culture of mind for its own sake, with which will come a sympathetic realization of those broad issues upon which the stability of our human world ultimately depends").

Having lived on the campus of the University of Notre Dame for four years, during which period the Religious Bulletin and the Religious Survey came into existence, and having appreciated what that life means to the extent of encouraging my brother, who has had the same training as I, to join our faculty, I feel that my opinion should have weight when I say that I do not believe that, in the case of Father O'Hara's analysis, the writer of the editorial could feel that the attempt really to grapple with human problems, as expressed in the Religious Survey, is largely illusory. Perhaps he does not.

Nor, with my experience at first hand, should I answer negatively His Grace's question—"Are the students of Notre Dame preparing to exemplify it [the charity of brotherhood]?"

There are many students—and adults—unwilling to discuss their inner lives or their charity. That prevents a complete expression on the Religious Survey. The presentation in the Survey is handicapped also by the fact, as it states, that the Religious Bulletin, "which caricatures the faults of the students quite freely," is restricted in circulation to the campus. I think enough of the Bulletin to take its complete file on my vacation to index it. No one who has studied the file could think there was need of "franker taking into account of discouraging elements which statistics somehow fail to show."

As the writer of the editorial says, the Archbishop's criticism was not directed at the University of Notre Dame. The entire matter was thoroughly discussed before it was presented to the Catholic Education Association, and I saw a list of the personnel suggested for "the group of prominent men under the direction of a distinguished prelate 'to study the causes of Catholic apathy.'"

Father Burns, president emeritus of the university, presented the resolution, as the editorial stated; and everyone looks forward to the report to be presented next June as a result of His Grace's criticism. To be sure, as yet no one can state to what extent the religious training received by the students of Notre Dame will prepare them to be leaders in their various spheres of activity after they leave college—but I am unwilling to accept the statement that "they are not being prepared at all."

Grant His Grace that it is the charity of brotherhood—not faith—that students need (although I have known, in my undergraduate days, many who lacked faith). Had he my experience, he could answer affirmatively his question—"Are the students of Notre Dame preparing to exemplify it?"

"Sport critics marvel at the spirit that sends five men on interference, that puts every man in his proper place at the psychological moment, that makes the perfect machine; but step into the church today or tomorrow morning, if you want to see what makes that spirit. If eleven men can kneel at Holy Communion together every morning and then one of them is given a job to do, the other ten are going to run interference for him. There can be no jealousy, no littleness, when the game is played for the honor and glory of God."

Or, as a freshman expressed it—"When, at the meet last Saturday, Johnnie Montague, who was leading, let the other Notre Dame man win (and thereby get his monogram) I got the same thrill, and as much of it, as I get out of beautiful music, great painting, magnificent sculpture, a wonderful sunset on Saint Joseph Lake, or real literature." Live men are religious men.

But because of statements in the editorial under discussion, let us pass over reference to sports (although should the writer ask the religious who attend summer school at Notre Dame, or should he see something of Notre Dame other than her football games, he would be less sure that the training at the university has merely "superimposed upon a splendid system of elementary training, something more than excellence—in football.") I turn again to the file of the Religious Bulletin beside me to check the editorial statement—"In other words, these young men apparently looked at life without giving any thought whatsoever to public-spirited service, or to their neighbors."

His Grace is quoted as saying that in the Religious Survey the student's remarks concerning charity cover "greater thought for parents and prayer for others." I wish everyone might read what the Religious Bulletin records about what a student has to say concerning "gimme prayers," about what prayer has done for Notre Dame, about a student's petition for prayers that he may "return to school" and "learn to practise my religion as I learned it at Notre Dame, a thing I find it hard to do at times." A special article might be devoted to interest in Poor Souls, to requests for Requiem Masses—a senior's offering for a classmate's father, for instance—to the immense number of Communions offered annually for the repose of the soul of George Gipp, of Bernie Kirk, and of other men who fought their last game well—not always at Notre Dame—for members of the community, for Sisters of Holy Cross who serve the students, for such particular intentions as that an unbaptized child may receive the Sacrament, or the return of an old student to the Faith, for spiritual bouquets for Mother's Day. Their interest in storming Heaven for the benefit of William Dockman and Frank Walsh, their keeping alive David Van Wallace, whom specialists gave up over a year ago, would convince anyone of their charity. Any adult would be edified after reading the material on foreign missions, on spending money to good advantage, on preventing waste, on college extravagance, and on a number of kindred subjects relating to social efficiency.

You cannot know Father O'Hara's work and the Religious Bulletin at first hand and believe that, in this instance, "Catholic education refuses to concede that its goal is not quantity—not buildings and 'splurge,' but quality—excellent quality achieved at no matter what cost."

BURTON CONFREY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANATOLE FRANCE

Paris, France.

TO the Editor:—As I was reading the three very interesting articles on Anatole France which Jules Bois contributed to The Commonweal, I recalled an incident that occurred in 1918. Some American officers, passing through Tours, were very desirous of being introduced to the famous French writer. They went to him, like so many pilgrims, in a spirit of eager admiration, but left him in a mood of embarrassed surprise. He had spent half an hour trying to impress upon them the fact that the war was utterly wicked and criminal, and should be ended immediately.

Before the interview, these officers had thought of Anatole France as the foremost representative of French feeling and sentiment. But the French officers with whom they were stationed and to whom they reported his amazing statements, promptly put them right.

"Anatole France," they told them, "is *not* France."

It is this point which Jules Bois so rightly stresses. The seemingly inexplicable paradox presented here of a man who, possessing all the gifts endowed by his nationality, environment and opportunity—ancient traditions at which he sneered, but covertly admired—an advanced culture, an orderly and euphonious language—took these precious possessions, welded and molded them to a high standard of perfection, only to employ them to destroy the very fountain from which they sprang; this paradox is clearly explained by an examination of Anatole France's personal history.

In his earlier days, he amused himself by ridiculing the various laws or restraints which tradition had imposed upon his youth. He soon saw that this particular attitude which he had chosen to adopt in his writing was highly productive of literary success, and thus he formed a "habit" that was to last a lifetime. The Dreyfus affair encouraged him to suppose that there were greater rôles which he might assume. He enlisted his talent with that of others who up to that time had not dared to profess themselves openly the enemies of tradition. He was obliged to remain faithful to that party to the end, nominally their leader, but in reality their prisoner. In order not to seem a renegade, he was compelled to walk ahead of his most advanced "followers." Then, he met with Bolshevism.

Can one explain that further paradox of a man who, having first ridiculed our civilization, and given his support to those who wanted to replace it by another, is yet, in the eyes of the world, the most authorized representative of that very civilization? The answer is given by a modern playwright who remarked that he wrote a play, the actors interpreted another, and the public saw a third—each endowing it with his own individual meaning. Foreigners who read Anatole France might do the same thing. Some foreign readers are apt to find in Anatole France's books ground for their supposition that France is a country, cultivated it is true, but hopelessly narrow and licentious. Clear-flowing, finely chiseled, Anatole France's style makes all the more accessible the rather ambiguous pleasure which they seek. However, as he is already considered dull by many of the younger generation of readers, the future will decide whether the perfection of his style is great enough to ensure him a lasting place among the immortal classics of our country, or whether he will finally attain immortality only among that class to whom Crebillon *fils* appeals nowadays—the libertine reader.

A. LE GRAND.

BIGOTRY'S LAST CALL

Wawa, Pa.

TO the Editor:—There is something tragic in the Klan outlook on life, almost the outlook of a dying race.

The Klansman is, to his way of thinking, truly the 100 percent American; that is, he is of the stock which hewed America out of the wilderness, which brought on the war of the Revolution and fought the war of the Union, which has no tie with, or interest in, any other country but the United States of America.

The Klan spirit is a manifestation of distress, of dawning fear that in the clash of two concepts of America—the one of America belonging to the first settlers and their children, the other of America belonging to all the world for all time—it is the second that is about to prevail; that a new mixture of races of unknown potentiality is about to displace the one which had begun to show full assimilation, homogeneity and a definite trend.

New and "alien" faces, ideas, manners and, above all, new religion of which the "100 percent" nationalist has never heard anything good and much that horrifies him, have filled him with foreboding. His own religious beliefs are disintegrating. He feels himself invaded and overpowered by something he does not know and does not like; desperately he resents everything "alien." It is not the negro's religion that he dislikes, for that is the Klansman's own; it is not his customs that he dislikes, for everything the negro has is essentially American, with no admixture. He came to us from African jungles. Outwardly, he has exactly what America has given him. The Klansman does dislike the rise of the negro to equality with himself; he dislikes the alien strain which may some day appear in the blood of his descendants. He dislikes the negro in the same way that he dislikes the Jew and the Catholic, not primarily on religious grounds (though that does enter with the Catholic) but simply because he does not like that particular human breed, and does not wish to mix it in his blood. The rest of the world, especially Europe, has always looked upon America as its own, a refuge when conditions at home became intolerable, a haven to remain in permanently or to leave at will and resume a relinquished nationality under more favorable conditions.

It has always been an annoyance to the newcomer to be treated as an alien; the land was his as fairly as any part of it belonged to any earlier arrival; he was just as good an American as any who came before him; he resented deeply the colloquial implication of "immigrant" condition. True, he often lived in segregated communities of his own kind, his own customs, his own language, and the politics of his old country remained passionately his, but to his mind the "100 percent" idea was an incongruity. He concedes nothing to the earlier settler; he resents him as harshly as he is himself resented.

The position is quite intelligible, from both sides, no matter to which concept of America one adheres, and there is tragedy in the Klan distress—tragedy of invaded nationalism, tragedy of religious breakdown, the tragedy voiced unconsciously by the Reverend John E. Gulledge of Ohio in his address to the Klan gathering at Washington—

"The difficulty with the world is that it is cursed with too many religions and lacks the faith of the religion of Jesus Christ." He and his fellow orators call upon their hearers to "rally around the Cross"—and they burn the Cross!

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

ST. CHARLES SEMINARY
CARTHAGENA, OHIO
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CANCER ORGANISM

By BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

IN a recently published review in The Commonweal on Professor Bragg's book, Concerning the Nature of Things, I made the remark that the microscope was doomed to failure in discovery of the secrets of the almost infinitely small, for optical reasons. That review was written some months ago, and it now appears that the statement is inaccurate. Mr. Barnard, who was president of the Royal Microscopical Society (1918-1919), has achieved what was thought to be the impossible, and actually produced an instrument by means of which objects of almost incredible minuteness can not only be seen, but photographed, and by that latter means made to yield up details of structure which the eye fails to catch.

The instrument in question is unlike the microscope, with which everybody is familiar, in that it has no body tube, so that the focussing of the ocular (the lens) through which one looks, can be effected without disturbing what is known as the objective or lens nearest to the object under examination. Not to be unduly technical, let us recall the fact that the wave-length of light is too long to reveal the secrets of which we are in search —that is, ordinary white light, for the other kinds of light or parts of the spectrum have varying wave-lengths, shorter at the violet, longer at the red end.

Mr. Barnard solved the difficulty by using a mercurial lamp, and the green band in the spectrum for visualization, with the violet band for photographic purposes, thus making use of very short-waved forms of light. Special methods of illumination were required because these ultra-violet rays will not pass through glass of which, in the past, microscopic lenses were made.

Hence quartz, through which these rays will pass, must be employed—not merely for the lenses but for the illuminating apparatus, and even for the slide or slip of glass on which the object under examination rests, and, of course, the very thin "cover-glass" which is placed on the object between it and the lower lens of the microscope. This wonderful series has been constructed by Messrs. R. and J. Beck, of London, long known among the most skilled microscope-makers of the world. It is with the aid of this marvelous instrument that Dr. Gye has recently announced the discovery of the organism of cancer—an announcement which is causing so much excitement at the present moment.

Perhaps it will be interesting to afford some slight idea of the size—if size is the term to use—of this organism, for that will explain why it has up to now evaded observers. The ordinary bacterium of which we read so much—say a micrococcus—has a diameter of one micron. A micron is a unit used by physicists to indicate 0.001 mm. or 1/25,000 of an inch. Small enough one would imagine, but the cancer organism is only 1/10 of this! Let us remember that it is generally supposed that a speck 1/100 of an inch is the smallest thing that even very sharp unaided sight can detect. Students of the cell, on which so much intensive work has been done in the past fifty years, have time and again been brought to a stop by the inability of the ordinary microscope to penetrate the secrets they were trying to wrest from nature. When Mr. Barnard's instrument becomes available and others have learned to work it (at present Dr. Gye says that no one but its inventor can do that) it is impossible to say what further wonderful discoveries will be made in connection with microscopic organisms—for example, the chromosomes.

BOOKS

The Christian Renaissance: A History of the Devotio Moderna, by Albert Hyma. New York and London: The Century Company. $4.00.

IT is at once a tribute to American scholarship and a witness to present-day interest in religion that this big book of 500 pages is sponsored by a prominent New York publishing house. There can be no question as to the scholarship. Dr. Hyma has made assiduous and intelligent researches in the libraries of Holland, Germany, Austria, France and England, has handled manuscripts practically inaccessible to the ordinary student, and has had his industry and perseverance blessed by that angel of fortunate discoveries who seems to exert special watchfulness over American investigators abroad. His notes are adequate, copious and exceptionally interesting; and in his appendix he has made available the constitution of the Brothers of the Common Life, as contained in a manuscript in the Royal Library of the Hague.

And withal, Dr. Hyma's volume possesses as much vivacity of style and appeal to popular interest as any book of the sort could be reasonably expected to possess. The remarkable religious movement of the fifteenth century known as the New Devotion is still a living thing, for eminently alive is its most remarkable literary product, The Imitation of Christ. That masterpiece of Thomas à Kempis embodies, as Dr. Hyma rightly observes, all the essential traits of the New Devotion; and it is familiar to ever so many twentieth-century readers who know next to nothing of Gerard Groote and the Brothers of the Common Life. Lovers of The Imitation—and their name is legion among all nations and tribes and tongues—will turn eagerly to this new volume by Dr. Hyma, for The Christian Renaissance will supply a broad and comprehensive background for their study of à Kempis and will inform many a familiar passage of The Imitation with deeper and fresher significance.

It is a commonplace that, next to the Bible, The Imitation is the book that contributes most spiritual sustenance to present-day Catholics and Protestants and neo-pagans of every degree of culture and in every walk of life. The late Anatole France, whose religious convictions were notably nebulous and eccentric, made himself the spokesman of an astonishing variety of readers of The Imitation when, in a review of Bourget's Mensonges, he thus wrote of Thomas à Kempis—

"He knew life profoundly. He had penetrated to the secrets of the soul and of the senses. Nothing in the world of appearances amid which we struggle with cruel weakness and touching illusions was hidden from him. He knew the passions better than those who feel them, for he knew their utter vanity. His sentences are psychological jewels before which adepts remain astounded. His book is the book of the best of men, since it is the book of the unhappy. There is no surer counsellor and no more intimate consoled."

And this extraordinary volume, as Dr. Hyma luminously shows, is the outgrowth of a religious revival, a movement that "inspired men and women of all ranks and of many nationalities to increase their religious fervor, to follow Christ's instructions more faithfully, and to imitate the apostolic church more earnestly. The study of its influence opens up a very attractive field of largely unexplored history. The 'New Devotion' reached down to the people, and welled up from the people; it entered the kitchen, the farm-house, and the workshop, as well as the schoolhouse, the pulpit, the office, and the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

palace; where the great humanists refused to go, it readily came, and where they were forbidden to enter, it approached unhindered. Selecting noble and helpful sayings from the literatures of the ancients, and combining these with the wisdom of philosophers and saints of later periods, the followers of Groote and Gansfort interpreted all learning in the light of Christ's teachings. Whatever was pure and saintly in the religion of the Church, they aimed to preserve or perfect, and the abuses that had crept in among clergy and people, they sought to do away with or hide under the cover of love."

After the labors of such scholars as Loth, Vacandard, Becker, Veratti, Santini, Kettlewell, Cruise and Semeria, the authorship of The Imitation seems to be definitely settled, and Dr. Hyma wisely declines to reopen the question. But he does incline to the opinion that à Kempis was a compiler rather than an original author, that several considerable portions of The Imitation are really the work of Radewijns, Zerbolt or some other members of the Brothers of the Common Life. Dr. Hyma's analysis of the book in substantiation of this view is keen and interesting, but, it seems to me, hardly convincing. Diversity of style does not necessarily connote diversity of authorship; and the Lübeck manuscripts prove nothing more than that many of the thoughts and analogies met with in The Imitation were common property among the followers of the New Devotion. It is generally accepted by à Kempis scholars that the book draws freely upon von Huesden, Gerlach, von Mande and von Schoonhoven, and that they in turn were indebted to Saint Augustine, Saint Jerome, Saint Gregory the Great, Saint Bernard, Saint Bonaventure, and Saint Thomas Aquinas. Substantially, The Imitation, like the New Devotion itself, was an overflow of the Catholic devotional tradition.

For, though some of the reformers looked upon certain phases of it with admiration, the Devotio Moderna was an essentially Catholic movement, and, as Dr. Hyma points out, there can be no doubt of the unswerving Catholic loyalty of Groote and his followers. The community life led by the Brothers of the Common Life—who, though not bound by vows, aspired to the practice of the virtues of the religious state—differed in no essential point from that prescribed in the monastic orders. The constitution, as printed in the appendix to Dr. Hyma's volume, is, like that of the Jesuits, for example, or of the Christian Brothers, based upon the principles of the religious life laid down by Saint Augustine in his famous rule. It specifically quotes Saint Augustine and is conceived in harmony with his fundamental precept that—"Those who live in community should first love God above all things, and next their neighbor." The entire Christian Renaissance—insofar as it was a Catholic revival and not a Protestant revolution—was a flowering of traditional fervor and a transmission of traditional practices of a renewed piety.

It is just here that the attempt to establish a synthesis of the Reformation and the counter-Reformation must result in futility. Dr. Hyma, in one place, draws a highly entertaining analogy between Saint Ignatius Loyola and Martin Luther; but I doubt if he is sufficiently impressed with the importance of the fact that while the one enlisted a company of spiritual free lances to conserve the kingdom of Christ under the authority of "our lord the Pope," the other hurled defiance against the Catholic tradition and the papal claims. Dr. Hyma rightly insists that the Society of Jesus was not deliberately organized to oppose Protestantism; but he might well find, in the very persistence of the contrary opinion, a pretty sure indication that the aims of Luther and the aims of Saint Ignatius were antithetical. Catholicism builded upon the past, applied to the present the wisdom of her saints and her doctors, the legislation of her canonists and councils; Protestantism repudiated the past, discarded the doctrinal and devotional teachings of the Catholic tradition, set at naught the rulings of the teaching Church. Gerard Groote and Saint Ignatius stood for the Catholic idea, Luther for the Protestant. Not even disinterested scholarship can well reconcile the irreconcilable.

Especially valuable in The Christian Renaissance is the study of the educational work in which the Brothers of the Common Life engaged at Zwolle, Deventer, Schlettstadt and elsewhere, a work that bore fruit in countless vocations to religious orders, in the diffusion of ideals of piety among the learned, and ideals of learning among the pious, in the effulgence of such significant individual pupils as Thomas à Kempis and Erasmus. This is not the only section of this admirable volume to form a distinct contribution to existing knowledge and to place all thoughtful readers in debt to the very evident learning and assiduity of Dr. Hyma.

BROTHER LEO.

The Sea-Woman's Cloak and November Eve, by Amélie Rives. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.00.

FOR those who have had enough dreary novels about Main Street and depressing plays about harlots, this little book enchants through its very remoteness from all the sociological problems in the world. Amélie Rives's eerie, dreamlike gift has charmed two generations of readers, and in these two plays she has built around old Irish legends of fairies and mysterious sea-folk. Here is no mere embroidery of fantastic words but drama sturdy with life. The lines are full of power and beauty and poetic imagery, bringing us the superstitious gloom and wild passion of a primitive people. Her imagination transmutes a very scholarly knowledge of Celtic folk-lore into a delightfully readable book. In November Eve we feel the gentleness and compassion of Christ; in The Sea-Woman's Cloak, the power and mystery of the old pagan gods which remind us how reluctant ancient Ireland was to forego them for Christianity. Once having accepted the new faith, she became the devoutest of followers.

The Sea-Woman's Cloak is an old wives' tale of the Irish sea-coast, and warns mortal man that he who finds a sea-woman's cloak shall be cursed with ill luck ever after. Colum Dara loves the old pagan tales of the sea, and besides, when he was "only three weeks in this bitter world" his mother "waved him in the ebb tide," putting a charm upon him that bound his life with that of the sea. When the play opens Colum has persuaded Michael, a timid younger brother, to come to the shore with him while he makes offerings to the sea—the sea, he reminds Michael, is really "Mary's Treasury," an observation doubtfully received.

He tells the boy how he has heard some have seen "the red hair of sea-women spread out on the water like a royal carpet;" and when Michael speaks disrespectfully of the sea-women's "fishtails," Colum assures him he's all wrong, that they have instead "little feet, slim and pale as the tips of the new moon." Then, as if in answer to the tenderness of his words comes the actual cry of a sea-woman! Michael cries out—"She's wild with longin' to be warmin' her wet breast on the flesh of mortal man," and he prays Colum to be true to his sweetheart, Sarah Darcy. But there is worse to come! Colum finds a sea-woman's cloak! Michael, muttering all his prayers, flies, as any Christian fisherman would do,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the fear of God in his heart. But Colum cries out in delight —"I would be seein' your face; if it's the match to your voice it's sweeter than the birds of Eden, O woman of the sea!" While he gazes on her in adoration he asks if she has "leapt with a magic leap into the blue sea to be free of the hot loves of men?" The sea-woman begs for her mantle of crimson that she may go back to her kingdom, but Colum captures her, carrying her off to his mother's cabin.

To his amazed family and neighbors he tells a fine story about the strange lady being a princess he's saved from shipwreck. But the jealous eyes of Sarah Darcy penetrate the fiction, and the priest urges the pagan enchantress to accept Christianity. When she haughtily refuses, declaring her own gods are older, Colum will not listen to the pleadings of his mother and the priest to part with her, and when they see that he means to keep the pagan in his cabin he is excommunicated. "Are ye gettin' no smell of scorching and the door of hell gapin' for ye?" the priest cries in desperation. The love-stricken youth accepts the ban of the Church and sends them all off with his blessing—"Let it be easy and a long life to you."

For twenty years Colum and his sea-woman live together, while never a human foot crosses the threshold of the banned house. Rarely does the beautiful princess condescend to speak to her mortal lover. When she does, it is only to ask for her crimson mantle, which means her freedom. "Is it not a kind word you'll be givin' me?" he implores, as he serves her with honey and sweet cake. When he reminds her that he has given his soul to possess her, when he pleads the greatness of his love, she answers—"How can a prisoner believe in the love of his jailor?" Though he has his heart's desire his life is empty happiness. How can a man be happy when his love "sends her mind on long journeys to places your thoughts cannot be following after?"

At last the handsome, high-spirited Sarah Darcy discovers what it is that will rid her of her rival, and nearly succeeds in restoring to its owner the mantle of crimson, but Colum thwarts her. Finally, embittered by the coldness of his love, he himself flings the cloak about his beloved in anger and tells her to be gone. As soon as the lady has her freedom she gives Colum her love, and he follows her into the strange sea-world, leaving his soul behind.

November Eve is the tale of a "fairy-struck" child, whose heart is filled with love and pity for everyone—even the dead and the wicked. On a fearsome November Eve, when the priest lights twelve candles for the apostles, Ilva lights some for the "little good people." And when she hears that a neighbor lad has murdered his wife in a fit of justified jealousy, and that the priest and all the people have turned against him, she goes out into the witch's night to find and comfort him.

In her mother's cabin, among the many guests gathered there to celebrate November Eve, "a power of tales do be passin' around" about the fairy-struck child. Finally someone of the gathering concludes that it is a strange world and another that—"It's strangers we all are in a strange world." Searching for the murderer up and down the drear lonely moor, Ilva meets her heart's desire. But in the midst of fairy happiness Ilva thinks of the poor murderer lying friendless on the moor, and must go to him—though she lose her mystic lover. When she brings the sinner to confess to the priest, then at last comes a cry of sacrifice—"O my heart's desire! O the loneliness."

DOROTHY THOMAS.

BRIEFER MENTION

The Cruise of the Nona, by Hilaire Belloc. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.50.

IT is not probable that Hilaire Belloc's newest book (at least, we suppose it to be his newest, but Belloc is so prolific that perhaps it is only one of his newest) The Cruise of the Nona will threaten the fame of his The Path to Rome—yet it contains a great deal of the best prose of this master of prose, and is a book that in general can be compared to the earlier one. Both books record the travels of its writer, the earlier one being the narrative of his pilgrimage, on foot, from France across Europe to the tombs of the Apostles; the other being the log-book (original, personal, in a word, Bellocian) of voyages in his sailboat, the Nona, about the coasts of England and Wales. The Path to Rome, so far as it was a travel and adventure book, necessarily is of wider and more general interest, for only those few (and, alas, a declining number) who still care for sailing boats (not racing craft, but honest cruisers) will care to keep company, even with a Belloc, through all the pages of the stout volume which is devoted to the Nona. But as both books chronicle the travels, explorations, and adventures of the mind of their author, as well as his merely physical haps and mishaps, and as that mind is one of the first intelligences of the world today—a mind of rich culture, creative, original, the mind of a genius, expressed in a prose style which has no superior among living writers of English—The Cruise of the Nona is as well worth reading as The Path to Rome—which is the equivalent of saying that nobody who can appreciate true English literature can afford not to read it.

A Link between Flemish Mystics and English Martyrs, by C. S. Durrant. London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne. 15/s.

IN the history of the various vicissitudes of the Church, there are few more interesting than the resurrection of religion in England. The pith and marrow of this book is the account of the foundation and progress of the monastery of Canonesses Regular of Saint Augustine, now the only house of English nuns of any kind not on English soil—apart, of course, from missionary orders. This house sprang from one of Flemish origin and gave birth to the monastery now at Haywards Heath in England. The Flemish congregation sprang from that great organization, now defunct, in Flanders, to which belonged Ruysbroek, de Groote and above all, Thomas à Kempis. Durrant's volume is full of histories of absorbing interest and aside from the vivid sketches of the men we have alluded to above, and to many of the nuns—more especially the "Olde Mother Margaret Clement," a most heroic personage—the accounts of early Flemish life and the narrative of the martyrs of Gorcum, one of whom was a Canon Regular, make this book worthy of a place in any library.

CONTRIBUTORS

FREDERICK JOSEPH KINSMAN is the author of Principles of Anglicanism and Salve Mater.

HENRY C. WATTS is a London correspondent of The Commonweal.

ARTHUR F. J. REMY is a member of the faculty of Columbia University.

R. A. MCGOWAN is an official of the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference.

MARY DIXON THAYER is a writer of short stories and poetry, and the author of Songs of Youth.

HELENE MULLINS is a contributor of poetry to The Forum and other magazines.

MADELON STUBBS, JOHN HANLON, LORETTA ROCHE, VIRGINIA MCCORMICK, and MORTON ZABEL are contributors of poetry to current magazines.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"I would not mind the warmth," said Dr. Angelicus mopping his broad white brow that contrasted blankly with his red vacational cheeks, "if it were not for these contests. One cannot cross the Channel without encountering American girls, escorted by fleets of medical, newspaper, and restaurant boats, swimming for records; the most beautiful bathing beauties or baby parades block the shores of Asbury Park; the New York Evening Post Literary Review intensifies the heat with its 'what is the most beautiful line of poetry?' contest."

"I thought," said Miss Anonymoncule, "we had finished all that when we decided on the definitions of Personal Charm, What is Poetry, and Who is the Most Popular School Teacher?"

Criticus peered up inquiringly. "Let us start a contest to decide what is the most beautiful word in the English language."

"I'll decide that right now and claim the prize Ford roadster—that word is 'Silence,'" said the Doctor wearedly.

Hereticus held up his finger dogmatically. "It seems that all our minor poets have their pet lines; you see how they clamber into the Post Literary Review. Alfred Kreymborg 'wonders about the trees,' while Ethel M. Kelley 'walks in beauty like the night.' Carter Troop is 'still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim,' and Carl Sandburg is 'out of the cradle endlessly rocking.' Clement Wood and Marguerite Wilkinson don't play quite fair, but put in a number of different lines."

"In fact," added Criticus, "everybody—that is, almost everybody—in Burton's Home Library of Poetry has a pet dog—

If You Are Interested in the Question of

EVOLUTION

Read

How George Edwards "Scrapped" Religion

***By* Reverend Simon FitzSimons**

From the late Honorable William Jennings Bryan

Dear Father FitzSimons:

I am a very busy man and do not have much time for reading, but I took time to read your book. * * * You have presented in an attractive way a conclusive proof of the fallacy of the evolutionary hypothesis as applied to man. It ought to have a great influence with the students who are so likely to be misled by the manner in which teachers present as if true the unsupported hypothesis that makes man a blood relative of every other form of life. I hope the book will have a very wide circulation; it is needed just now, especially by students.

Price $2.15 postpaid

THE STRATFORD COMPANY

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

NOTICE OF REMOVAL

Memorial Stained Glass Windows

FRANZ MAYER OF MUNICH, Inc.

JOSEPH P. KELLY, *President*

1220-1222 Woolworth Building, New York

Telephone Whitehall 3631

ST. ANGELA'S HALL

292 Washington Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph
Affiliated with the State University

ELEMENTARY AND HIGH SCHOOL COURSES

Music and Art Courses, Physical Training

Studies resumed September 16th

For further particulars, Address The Directress

ACADEMY OF OUR LADY

95th and Throop Streets, LONGWOOD, CHICAGO, ILL.

Accredited Boarding and Day School for Girls

Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame

ACADEMIC COURSE—Prepares for College or Normal Entrance

MUSIC—Conservatory Methods in Piano, Violin and Vocal

ART—Special Advantages. Three Studios Open to Visitors at All Times. Graded Courses in Both Music and Art Departments Lead to Teachers' Certificates and Diplomas

Saint Mary-of-the-Woods

College for Women—Standard courses leading to degrees, Conservatory of Music, School of Art.

Academy for Girls—Regular high school curriculum.

Both the College and the Academy fully accredited and commissioned.

Physical Education,

Gymnasium, Natatorium, Golf, Tennis, Riding, etc.

***For bulletins address:* Secretary, Box 75, Saint Mary-of-the-Woods, Indiana**

Printing Economy

Careful purchasing of materials and equipment; accounting methods that guard against waste or undue increase in overhead costs; a working force that is trained to economize in time without sacrificing quality: These factors are reflected in the moderate prices charged for our product.

May we estimate on your printing?

BURR PRINTING HOUSE

Frankfort and Jacob Streets, New York City

Catalogues, Magazines, Books and Commercial Printing

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Church Furniture

CHARLES SVOBODA
217 FULLER BUILDING PHILADELPHIA

MARYWOOD COLLEGE
MOUNT SAINT MARY, SCRANTON, PENNSYLVANIA
College for Women. Chartered by the State of Pennsylvania. Registered under the Regents of New York State. Member of the Association of Colleges of the Middle States and Maryland. Institutional Member of the American Council on Education.
Degrees:—M. A.; B. A.; B. S. in Home Economics; Mus. B.; and B. S. in Education.
Resident and Day Students *For catalogue apply to Registrar.*

MOUNT DE SALES ACADEMY
At CATONSVILLE, five miles from Baltimore
Under the supervision of the Sisters of the Visitation
Courses in Music, Languages and College Preparatory
Write Directress for Catalogue
Affiliated with the Catholic University of America
RESIDENT AND DAY PUPILS

SETON HILL COLLEGE
(Catholic, of course)
TRAINS YOUNG WOMEN FOR LEADERSHIP
Students from Eighteen States
GREENSBURG, PA. *43 minutes from Pittsburgh*

Phone Walker 8160 Cable "Bernastat"
BERNARDINI STATUARY COMPANY
INC.
Established 1849
ECCLESIASTICAL SCULPTORS AND DESIGNERS
STATUARY - ALTARS - STATIONS - FONTS
CEMENT
COMPOSITION
MARBLE
Studios
55 BARCLAY STREET
NEW YORK

no, I mean line—and is trotting it out in this hot weather."

"They have not yet published Tittivillus's favorite lines," said the Doctor, as the young man, fresh from his vacation in the Catskills, flashed out in a blue hat band, his nose blistered from the sun, his knees carefully concealed in the swaying folds of the unabridged trousers of the day.

"What were his lines, Doctor?" asked Miss Anonymoncule.

"Pure philosophy, rather than great poetry, I should say. The contribution of Tittivillus was—'Better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all!'"

* * *

Angelicus continued—"But speaking of pie—"

"Nobody mentioned pie—it was poetry we were discussing, Doctor," corrected Criticus.

"And the prohibition laws that are being aimed against it," continued the Doctor drowsily, "we shall find that it will follow the way of our old time eye-openers, our snuff and chewing tobacco, our cigars and cigarettes. Already it is almost impossible to secure a cold left-over piece of apple-cake for the most modest breakfast. Ask at Sherry's, the Plaza, the Ritz—and you will wish you had never been born in America when you meet the Czecho-Slovakian eye of the head waiter. Poor spiritual vagabond, dear old Tom Masson—how they treated him at Maillard's the other day when he suggested apple pie and milk for luncheon. Cold blank exclusion in the home of chocolate éclairs and petits fours! Can you not hear the pathos and see the tragedy in his face as he declared in quavering voice—'Pie is an American institution—'Eat Bly's pies, they stay with you!'—The effete pastry of Europe is all very well, but as for me, give me apple pie or give me death!'

"Nothing is safe in this world, but we have still our Coca-Cola and chewing gum—not to mention griddle cakes and coffee. No compensation for the corn cake and apple-jack of the past," sighed Angelicus; "there is not a man left to boast he will die in his boots."

"Some of us hope to live long on our high heels," smiled Anonymoncule wickedly.

"Not if Dr. Riggs of Stockbridge can catch you at Vassar," said Hereticus. "He has moved there on account of the number of cases of mental fatigue and nervous disorders among the students that call for a consulting mental hygienist. At Vassar, everybody seems to consult the hygienist, the landscape architect and the architect—except Mr. Himmel, who complains that where there is a special college course for architecture, there is none for clothes designing—which is fully, he says, as much of an art and a profession."

—THE LIBRARIAN.

WEBSTER COLLEGE
FOR WOMEN
A member of the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. On the list of standard Colleges of the Catholic Educational Association, also in the American Council on Education. Affiliated to the Catholic University of America and to the St. Louis University.
Teachers' State Certificates
THE CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
Offers courses leading to a degree or Teacher's Certificate.
Professors from Kenrick Seminary conduct classes in Philosophy, Social Science, Religion and Scripture. *Department of Expression, and Household Economics.* Buildings new and thoroughly fireproof. *For catalogue address*
The Registrar, WEBSTER COLLEGE
Webster Groves, Missouri

CLASON MILITARY ACADEMY

Member of the Association of Military Schools and Colleges of the United States.
A CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL FOR BOYS
Approved by the Regents of New York State
Conducted by the Christian Brothers
Address: Sound View Ave., Bronx, N. Y. C.

LOYOLA COLLEGE
Montreal, Canada
Conducted by the Jesuit Fathers.
Arts and General Sciences. Degrees of B.A., B.Sc. and B.Lit. Special preparation for Law, Medicine and Engineering. Ideal, healthful location. Fifty acres. Beautiful new, fireproof buildings.
Loyola College High School
A Classical School of recognized standing. Loyola Matriculation accepted everywhere.
Address:
Rev. E. G. BARTLETT, S.J., *Rector*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED